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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Recollections of London," No. II. in our next.

G. P. O. will find his communication *word for word* in Shaftesbury's Characteristics---"plague take our ancestors, they have said all our good things before us."

S., B. B., and V. shall be inserted.

We beg to inform the person who signs "Xeros," that Queen Anne is dead: our readers may think this piece of intelligence unnecessary, but we assure them that it is newer by at least fifty years, and far more important, than our friend's communication.

"PISTOL" is a swaggering dog, but very harmless---his bullets are as soft as his brains.

The MS. just received signed "XX." puzzles us sadly. We look at it, and look at it, but cannot make out more than one word in twenty. Our friend D. says the writer was certainly under the influence of "double X." when he scribbled it---for ourselves, we can make nothing of it. Our Persian interpreter will be in town next week, and we will shew it to him, unless in the meantime the writer will tell us what it is all about.

F. will not do.

Witness ourself,

JON. OLDBUCK, the Younger.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR
OF
HIS LATE R. H., FREDERICK, DUKE OF YORK.

—“A plain, blunt man.” SHAKESPEARE.
—

THE brilliancy which surrounds exalted stations is apt so entirely to blind the eyes of the majority of mankind, that we almost forget that princes are but “men, even as we are.” The glittering and gaudy pomp with which we suppose them to be continually circumscribed, but which in many instances has no other existence than in our imaginations; the state and pride of ceremony which seem to hedge them in, the splendour and magnificence of their dwelling-places, and the humble obsequiousness of their attendants, all tend to exclude from our ideas of royalty, the inconveniences, the miseries, and above all, the death which we too well know to be the lot of humbler individuals. The chambers of princes appear to us halls of perpetual gladness; their condition, one of uninterrupted happiness; an Elysium unpolluted by care; an Eden into which sorrow dares not intrude. So prevalent, so universal is this idea, not only in familiar conversation, but even in the writings of inspired authors, that we find a state of unmixed and eternal happiness cannot be described in terms more forcible or more illustrative than those which are employed to denote the circumstances of royalty: “a crown of glory” is the Christian’s promised recompense, and they who have received their reward, are described as “sitting upon thrones,” “clothed in white raiments,” and “having on their heads crowns of gold.” It does indeed sometimes happen, that the veil which conceals the truth from us is signally withdrawn, and we are at once convinced of the imperfection of human language and the instability of regal happiness. No occurrence produces these results more certainly than when “pale Death,” ever watchful to assert his authority, humbles one of the mightiest amongst us to the dust. Then, indeed, the vision is dispelled, and the sympathy which pervades a whole people, as if they were one family, and converts every habitation into “a house of mourning,” at once establishes our claim of universal kindred. No event is more striking, or is fraught with more solemn lessons of morality, than a royal death, especially if the prince be one whose claims to favour rest upon private worth as well as public services. In the melancholy instance to which we all are at present witnesses, the general voice proclaims that this union was found; and the willingness with which all classes of society united, and continue to unite, in even more than the ordinary demonstrations of mourning and regret, prove their sincerity, and furnish a convincing testimony in his behalf. For ourselves, we know not how we can better shew our respect to his memory, than by a plain and unbiassed statement of his

actions, which, although it may not prove him faultless, will at least convince the candid that his memory deserves to be cherished and respected.

FREDERICK, the second son of George III. and Charlotte his Queen, was born on the 16th of August, 1763, George IV., the eldest son, having been born on the 12th of August in the year preceding. On the 27th of February, 1764, Prince Frederick was elected titular Bishop of Osnaburgh, in the King's German dominions. This bishoprick is governed alternately by a Popish and a Protestant bishop; when a Catholic bishop is chosen, it is done entirely by the Catholics, and his jurisdiction is ecclesiastical: but the Protestant bishop, who is merely the inspector of civil affairs, is nominated by the House of Brunswick Lunenburg. The Elector of Cologne, who is the Metropolitan, governs ecclesiastical matters during the continuance of the Protestant bishop.

On the 30th of December, 1767, at a Chapter of the Military Order of the Bath, his royal highness was invested with the badges of that Order, and on the 15th of June, 1772, was installed Principal Companion in Henry VII.'s chapel.

On the 19th of June, 1771, he was chosen Knight of the most Noble and Illustrious Order of the Garter, and was installed at Windsor on the 25th of that month.

On the 27th of November, 1784, being then of age, he was created Duke of York and of Albany in Great Britain, and Earl of the province of Ulster in Ireland.

Of the education of his royal highness, we have little account; but he is said to have been quick in the acquisition of languages, and much given to the hardier sports of boyhood. Fond of leaping, fencing, riding, cricket, and ever merry and good-tempered.

Having been early destined for a soldier, he was sent to the continent to observe the practice of the military art amongst foreigners; and, whilst at Berlin, is said to have received instructions in tactics from the Great Frederick. Mirabeau, who was jealous of the attention paid to the duke at the Prussian Court, described him, notwithstanding, as a lively young man: his account of him is, however, so splenetic, and so manifestly unjust, that it scarcely deserves notice.

In 1788, the illness of the king occasioned the well-known disputes between Fox and Pitt, as to the right of the Prince of Wales to the Regency of the kingdom, during his father's indisposition, and, afterwards, as to the propriety of restraining the powers to be committed to him. Upon the agitation of the first of these questions the Duke of York made his maiden speech in the House of Lords, and is said to have delivered it in a manner "modest yet unembarrassed, graceful yet animated." He strongly deprecated all discussion upon the question of right, and, in the name of the prince, expressed his wish that it might be waved. He stated, that no claim of right had been advanced by the Prince of Wales, and he was confident that his brother too well understood the sacred principles which seated

the House of Brunswick upon the throne, ever to assume or exercise any power, be his claim what it might, that was not derived from the will of the people expressed by their representatives. Upon the consideration of the restrictions, the Duke of York, together with fifty-six of the peers, entered an indignant protest against them upon the Journals of the House. His majesty's recovery, it is well known, prevented the passing of the bill.

In the year following, his royal highness became implicated in an affair of honor with Colonel Lennox, which arose out of circumstances which have been thus related:—On the 18th of May, 1789, Colonel Lennox sent a circular letter to the members of Daubigny's Club, to the following effect:—That “a report having been spread that the Duke of York had said, some words had been made use of to him (Colonel L.) in a political conversation that no gentleman ought to submit to,” Colonel L. took the first opportunity to speak to his royal highness before the officers of the Coldstream regiment, to which Colonel L. belongs; when he answered, “that he had heard them said to Colonel L. at Daubigny's, but refused, at the same time, to tell the expression, or the person who had used it; that, in this situation, being perfectly ignorant what his royal highness could allude to, and not being aware that any such expression ever passed, he (Colonel L.) knew not of any better mode of clearing up the matter than by writing a letter to every member of Daubigny's Club, desiring each of them to let him know if he could recollect any expression to have been used in his (Colonel L.'s) presence, which could bear the construction put upon it by his royal highness; and, in such case, by whom the expression was used.”

None of the members of the Club having given an affirmative answer to this request, and the duke still declining to give any further explanation than he had done before the officers of the Coldstream regiment, Colonel Lennox thought it incumbent on him to call upon his royal highness for the satisfaction due from one gentleman to another. The duke at once waved that distinction of rank of which he might have properly availed himself, and consented to give Colonel Lennox the meeting required. The following is the account of the affair, as published by the two seconds, Lord Rawdon (the late Marquis of Hastings) and Lord Winchelsea:—

“In consequence of a dispute, already known to the public, his Royal Highness the Duke of York, attended by Lord Rawdon, and Lieutenant-Colonel Lennox, accompanied by the Earl of Winchelsea, met at Wimbledon-common. The ground was measured at twelve paces, and both parties were to fire at a signal agreed upon. The signal being given, Lieutenant-Colonel Lennox fired, and the ball grazed his royal highness's curl; the Duke of York did not fire. Lieutenant-Colonel Lennox observed that his royal highness had not fired. Lord Rawdon said it was not the duke's intention to fire; his royal highness had come out upon Lieutenant-Colonel Lennox's desire to give him satisfaction, and had no animosity against him.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lennox pressed that the Duke of York should fire, which was declined, upon a repetition of the reason. Lord Winchelsea then went up to the Duke of York, and expressed his hope that his royal highness could have no objection to say, he considered Lieutenant-Colonel Lennox as a man of honor and courage. His royal highness replied, that he should say nothing; he had come out to give Lieutenant-Colonel Lennox satisfaction, and did not mean to fire at him; if Lieutenant-Colonel Lennox was not satisfied, he might fire again. Lieutenant-Colonel Lennox said he could not possibly fire again at the duke, as his royal highness did not mean to fire at him. On this, both parties left the ground. The seconds think it proper to add, that both parties behaved with the most perfect coolness and intrepidity.

“RAWDON.”

“WINCHELSEA.”

As soon as the affair was concluded at Wimbledon, letters were sent express to town to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cumberland, giving them an account of the proceedings; and, at the instant of the Duke of York's return, the Prince of Wales, with filial attention to the anxiety of his royal parents, set off to Windsor, lest hasty rumour should have made them acquainted with the business.

Such was the caution observed by the Duke of York to keep his meeting with Colonel Lennox a secret from the Prince of Wales, that he left his hat at Carlton House, and took with him a hat belonging to one of the household. During the whole of the affair the duke was so composed, that it is difficult to say whether his royal highness was aware of being so near the arm of death. One remarkable thing connected with this duel was, that the Earl of Winchelsea, the second of Colonel Lennox, was one of the lords of the bed-chamber to his majesty; and his mother, Lady Winchelsea, was employed in rearing his royal highness the Duke of York.

In consequence of the recovery of George III. from his lamented indisposition, the king's birth-day, in 1789, was celebrated with unusual splendor. In the evening a ball was given; and notwithstanding what had so recently happened, and the established etiquette, that no person should stand up at country dances who had not danced a minuet, Colonel Lennox appeared in the circle with Lady Catharine Barnard. This the Prince of Wales did not perceive until he and his partner, the Princess Royal, came to the colonel's place in the dance; when, struck with the impropriety, he took the hand of the princess, just as she was about to be turned by the colonel, and led her to the bottom of the dance. The Duke of York and the Princess Augusta came next, and they turned the colonel without notice or exception. The Duke of Clarence with the Princess Elizabeth came next, and his royal highness followed the example of the Prince of Wales. The dance proceeded, however, and Colonel Lennox and his partner danced down; but when they came to the prince and princess, his royal highness led his sister to the chair by the side of the queen. Her majesty then addressing her

self to the prince, said, "You seem heated, sir, and tired."—"I am heated and tired, madam," said the prince, "not with the dance, but with dancing in such company."—"Then, sir," said the queen, "it will be better for me to withdraw, and put an end to the ball."—"It certainly will be so," said the prince, "for I never will countenance insults given to my family, however they may be treated by others." At the end of the dance, her majesty and the princess withdrew, and thus the ball concluded. The prince afterwards explained to Lady Catharine Barnard the reason of his conduct, assuring her ladyship, that it gave him much pain to be under the necessity of subjecting a lady to a moment's embarrassment.

On the 29th of September, 1791, his royal highness was married, at Berlin, to the Princess Charlotte Ulrique Catherine, eldest daughter of his majesty the King of Prussia, and on the 23rd of November they were, upon their arrival in England, re-married at St. James's, in the presence of the royal parents of his royal highness. This marriage was not followed by any issue, and was in other respects not accounted a happy one. Their royal highnesses continued to live together, but not very affectionately. Her royal highness died on the 6th of August, 1820, in the 54th year of her age. During the latter part of her life her royal highness lived in much retirement, exerting herself in her own neighbourhood to promote the welfare of the poorer classes. Her charities were unostentatious, but extensive; and a sincere and obvious grief showed how deeply the inhabitants of the villages around Oatlands regretted her loss. She was buried in the Church of Weybridge in a very private manner.

But to return to his royal highness; in 1793 he was sent to the Low Countries with the command of a body of English troops, destined to support the operations of the allied German and Dutch forces against the French. These troops continued on the Continent during the campaigns of 1793 and 1794, and were actively engaged in the siege of Valenciennes and Dunkirk, and in several engagements before Tournay and elsewhere. The union was imbecile, and disputes occurred which rendered all their endeavours ineffectual; and after suffering a variety of hardships and great loss, his royal highness returned to England. The want of success in these campaigns is by no means attributable to his royal highness, who on many occasions behaved with great intrepidity and personal courage. As a general, we know not that he deserves great praise; but as a soldier, his merit was unquestionable. Upon one occasion he narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the enemy. He was attacked before Tournay by a French force of 30,000 men, which he drove back with great loss. The emperor immediately determined to march to his assistance, and a general attack was agreed upon. But the movements of the allies were disconcerted, and the whole French force turned against the troops of the Duke of York, who were in consequence obliged to give way in all directions. The duke himself, accompanied by an Austrian general and two other gentlemen, entered a village, supposing it to be in the hands of the allies; but

on turning a corner at full gallop, they found a column of the enemy facing them, who, supposing the duke to be at the head of a body of troops, at first fled, after firing a volley, which killed the Austrian general. Recovering, however, from their error, they pursued the duke and his two companions so closely that they escaped with difficulty.

In 1799 the duke again appeared in the field, in the Low Countries, but the result was again unfortunate. The misconduct of the Russian auxiliaries occasioned the defeat of the British, on the 19th of September; and after some further unsuccessful attempts, the duke agreed to a suspension of hostilities, and he and his army were allowed to evacuate the Dutch territories, on condition that 8000 French prisoners should be given up. These campaigns certainly added nothing to the military glory of the duke, or to the honor of the country; but by means of them the duke became thoroughly acquainted with the composition of our army, and himself became sensible of the want of those regulations which he afterwards introduced.

His royal highness's first appointment to the high station of commander-in-chief of the army took place on the 10th of February, 1795, and for several years subsequently to that period, he pursued a steady and uninterrupted course of improvement; until in 1809, a clamour was raised against him, which had the effect, not only of depreciating his character in the eyes of the public, but also of producing his resignation of the office of commander-in-chief. We, of course, allude to the charges preferred against him by Colonel Wardle, which amounted to this:—that Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke, a former mistress of the Duke of York, had been permitted by his royal highness to traffic in commissions, and that he had himself shared with her the gain of this scandalous practice. The fact of the duke's intimacy with Mrs. Clarke was admitted, and it also appeared that the duke had, in two or three instances, exerted his influence on behalf of persons recommended by her; but all guilty participation was strongly denied. Mrs. Clarke was brought forward as the principal witness against the duke, and much scandal was raised by the disclosures which took place, especially upon the production of various letters which she had received from his royal highness. On the 23rd of February the duke addressed a letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons, in which, in the most solemn manner, his royal highness, upon his honor as a prince, most distinctly asserted his innocence, and claimed from the justice of the House, that he should not be condemned without a trial. After this most unpleasant business had occupied the attention of parliament and the nation for about three months, the following resolution was passed by a majority of 82. "That this House having appointed a committee to investigate the conduct of the Duke of York as commander-in-chief, and having carefully considered the evidence which came before the committee, and finding that personal corruption, and connivance at corruption, have been imputed to his said royal highness, find it ex-

pedient to pronounce a distinct opinion upon the said imputation, and are accordingly of opinion, that it is wholly without foundation." Public opinion, however, could not be satisfied; an extraordinary clamor had been raised against the duke, and it was thought better to bend before the storm, than oppose its fury; accordingly the duke tendered his resignation to his majesty, and the same was accepted, and Sir David Dundas appointed in his stead. A short time after, circumstances were brought to light affecting Colonel Wardle, who had ventured to bring forward this charge, and Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke the principal witness, which tended to place both of them under much greater suspicion than was consistent with honesty, and the public began to perceive how little weight an accusation, founded upon such testimony, was entitled to. That his royal highness's intercourse with Mrs. Clarke was consistent with morality, or did not deserve censure, we do not contend; but we are fully convinced, that that intercourse, and the easy compliance with her artful requests, constitute all that is fairly chargeable against the Duke of York. The change of opinion which took place in the public mind, was indeed evinced two years afterwards, when his Majesty, then Regent, re-appointed his royal highness as successor to Sir David Dundas, in the office of commander-in-chief. Upon that occasion, an attempt was made in the House of Commons to procure a vote of censure against this appointment, but it was rejected by a triumphant majority of 249, "and the duke," says an historian, "resumed his post with all the facility of a public functionary who had quitted his office without imputation."

In the year 1819, upon the death of her majesty Queen Charlotte, his royal highness the Duke of York was appointed guardian of the person of his father George III., who, it is well known, then labored under an afflicting mental malady. For the performance of this duty, 10,000*l.* per annum were granted to his royal highness, an allowance which many persons considered excessive.

On the 25th of April, 1825, his royal highness delivered in the House of Lords a speech upon the Catholic question, which raised an outcry against him amongst the Catholic population, which is too fresh in the memory of the public to need any comment. The speech was as follows:—

"I hold in my hand a petition from the dean and chapter of the collegiate church of St. George, Windsor, praying that no further concessions may be made to the Roman Catholics. I am sure that any representation from so learned and respectable a body, will be received with the attention it deserves; and therefore I should not have troubled your lordships with any observations in support of it, if I did not feel this was an occasion on which any man may well be permitted to address your lordships. I do this the more readily on the present occasion, because feeling that I have not the habit of taking part in your discussions, I will not interrupt the progress of the debate on the bill to which the petitioners refer, if it should come into the House. It is now twenty-five years since this subject was

first brought into discussion. I cannot forget with what events that discussion was at that time connected. It was connected with the most serious illness of one now no more; it was connected also with the temporary removal of one of the ablest, wisest, and honestest ministers that this country ever had. From that time, when I gave my first vote on this question, to the present, I have never seen any reason to regret or to change the line which I then took. I have every year seen more reason to be satisfied with my decision. When the question comes regularly before your lordships, it will be discussed much more fully and ably than I can do it; but there are two or three subjects on which I am anxious to touch; one is, that you place the Church of England in a situation in which no other church in the world is placed. The Roman Catholic will not allow the Church of England or Parliament to interfere with his church, and yet he requires you to allow him to interfere with your church, and to legislate for it. There is another subject still more delicate, on which I cannot, however, help saying a few words. I speak (I beg to be understood) only as an individual. I desire not to be understood as speaking for any body else; but consider, my lords, in what a situation you place the sovereign; 'by the coronation oath the sovereign is bound to maintain the church established, in her doctrine, discipline, and her rights inviolate. An act of parliament may release future sovereigns and other men from this oath, or from any other oath to be taken; but can it release an individual who has already taken it? I speak, I repeat it again, as an individual, but I entreat the House to consider the situation in which the sovereign is thus placed. I feel very strongly on this whole subject. I cannot forget the deep interest which was taken upon it by one now no more, and the long and unhappy illness in which—(here his royal highness was sensibly affected.) I have been brought up from my early years in these principles, and from the time when I began to reason for myself, I have entertained them from conviction, and, in every situation in which I may be placed, I will maintain them, so help me God!"

The chief objection which is urged against this speech, is its imprudence, and that it had a tendency to irritate and alarm the Roman Catholics, instead of allaying their fiery temperament. If this reasoning be admitted, and the Duke of York be held worthy of censure for having spoken such a speech, it follows that deception is in some cases allowable, and that it would have been better to cheer the Catholics by holding out to them expectations which it was not intended to fulfil, rather than declare opinions which were opposed to them. This might have been a "*prudent*" course, but such *prudence* was not one of the qualities of the Duke of York. He held it more honorable to declare his opinions, than adopt the Machiavellian policy which the advocates of emancipation would have dictated. It does indeed appear most singular that these gentlemen would have preferred a smooth and artful hypocrisy to a bold and manly opposition.

This speech was one of the last public acts of his royal highness's

life, his health sustained a gradual decay, and a long and painful illness prepared the public mind for the melancholy termination of his sufferings. For a period of more than six months, he was unable to take repose in a bed, but rested in a recumbent posture upon an easy chair. The dropsy, with which he was afflicted, overpowered his constitution by degrees, and, on Friday evening, the 5th of January, 1827, his royal highness expired.

In the consideration of the character and services of his royal highness, the amendments he has effected in the army, are the first in point of value and importance. Upon this subject we are sure that nothing we could write would so much interest our readers as the following summary from the pen of the celebrated "Author of Waverley," which we shall, therefore, venture to introduce. Its justice is universally acknowledged, and the authority from whom it proceeds will, of course, render it popular.

"It is as the reformer and regenerator of the British army, which he brought from a state nearly allied to general contempt, to such a pitch of excellence, that we may, without much hesitation, claim for them an equality with, if not a superiority over, any troops in Europe. The Duke of York had the firmness to look into and examine the causes, which, ever since the American war, though arising out of circumstances existing long before, had gone as far to destroy the character of the British army, as the natural good materials of which it is composed would permit. The heart must have been bold that did not despair at the sight of such an Augean stable.

"In the first place, our system of purchasing commissions,—itself an evil in a military point of view, and yet indispensable to the freedom of the country,—had been stretched so far as to open the way to every sort of abuse. No science was required, no service, no previous experience whatsoever; the boy, let loose from school the last week, might in the course of a month be a field-officer, if his friends were disposed to be liberal of money and influence. Others there were, against whom there could be no complaint for want of length of service, although it might be difficult to see how their experience was improved by it. It was no uncommon thing for a commission to be obtained for a child in the cradle; and when he came from college, the fortunate youth was at least a lieutenant of some standing, by dint of fair promotion. To sum up this catalogue of abuses, commissions were in some instances bestowed upon *young ladies*, when pensions could not be had. We knew ourselves one fair dame who drew the pay of captain in the — dragoons, and was probably not much less fit for the service than some who at that period actually did duty; for, as we have said, no knowledge of any kind was demanded from the young officers. If they desired to improve themselves in the elemental parts of their profession, there was no means open either of direction or of instruction. But as a zeal for knowledge rarely exists where its attainment brings no credit or advantage, the gay young men who adopted the military profession were easily led into the fashion of thinking that it was pedantry to be master even of the

routine of the exercise which they were obliged to perform. An intelligent sergeant whispered from time to time the word of command, which his captain would have been ashamed to have known without prompting; and thus the duty of the field-day was huddled over rather than performed. It was natural, under such circumstances, that the pleasures of the mess, or of the card or billiard table, should occupy too much of the leisure of those who had so few duties to perform, and that extravagance, with all its disreputable consequences, should be the characteristic of many; while others, despairing of promotion, which could only be acquired by money or influence, sunk into mere machines, performing without hope or heart a task which they had learned by rote.

“ To this state of things, by a succession of well-considered and effectual regulations, the Duke of York put a stop with a firm yet gentle hand. Terms of service were fixed for every rank, and neither influence nor money were permitted to force any individual forward, until he had served the necessary time in the present grade which he held. No rank short of that of the Duke of York—no courage and determination inferior to that of his royal highness, could have accomplished a change so important to the service, but which yet was so unfavorable to the wealthy and to the powerful, whose children and protégés had formerly found a brief way to promotion. Thus a protection was afforded to those officers who could only hope to rise by merit and length of service, while at the same time the young aspirant was compelled to discharge the duties of a subaltern before attaining the higher commissions.

“ In other respects, the influence of the commander-in-chief was found to have the same gradual and meliorating influence. The vicissitudes of real service, and the emergencies to which individuals are exposed, began to render ignorance unfashionable, as it was speedily found, that mere valour, however fiery, was unable, on such occasions, for the extrication of those engaged in them; and that they who knew their duty and discharged it, were not only most secure of victory and safety in action, but most distinguished at head-quarters, and most certain of promotion. Thus a taste for studying mathematics, and calculations applicable to war, was gradually introduced into the army, and carried by some officers to a great length; while a perfect acquaintance with the routine of the field-day was positively demanded from every officer in the service as an indispensable qualification.

“ His royal highness also introduced a species of moral discipline among the officers of our army, which has had the highest consequences on their character. Persons of the old school of Captain Plume and Captain Brazen, men who swore hard, drank deep, bilked tradesmen, and plucked pigeons, were no longer allowed to arrogate a character which they could only support by deep oaths and ready swords. If a tradesman, whose bill was unpaid by an officer, thought proper to apply to the Horse-Guards, the debtor received a letter from head-quarters, requiring to know if there existed any objections to

the accompt, and failing his rendering a satisfactory answer, he was put on stoppages until the creditor's demand was satisfied. Repeated applications of this kind might endanger the officer's commission, which was then sold for the payment of his creditors. Other moral delinquencies were at the same time adverted to; and without maintaining an inquisitorial strictness over the officers, or taking too close inspection of the mere gaieties and follies of youth, a complaint of any kind, implying a departure from the character of a gentleman and a man of honor, was instantly inquired into by the commander-in-chief, and the delinquent censured or punished, as the case seemed to require. The army was thus like a family under protection of an indulgent father, who, willing to promote merit, checks with a timely frown the temptations to license and extravagance.

"The private soldiers equally engaged the attention of his royal highness. In the course of his superintendence of the army, a military dress, the most absurd in Europe, was altered for one easy and suitable to the hardships they are exposed to in actual service. The severe and vexatious rules exacted about the tying of hair, and other trifling punctilios (which had been found sometimes to goad troops into mutiny), were abolished, and strict cleanliness was substituted for a Hottentot head-dress of tallow and flour. The pay of the soldier was augmented, while care was at the same time taken that it should, as far as possible, be expended in bettering his food and extending his comforts. The slightest complaint on the part of a private sentinel was as regularly inquired into, as if it had been preferred by a general officer. Lastly, the use of the cane (a brutal practice, which our officers borrowed from the Germans) was entirely prohibited; and regular corporal punishments by the sentence of a court-martial have been gradually diminished.

"If, therefore, we find in the modern British officer more information, a more regular course of study, a deeper acquaintance with the principles of his profession, and a greater love for its exertions—if we find the private sentinel discharge his duty with a mind unembittered by petty vexations and regimental exactions, conscious of immunity from capricious violence, and knowing where to appeal if he sustains injury—if we find in all ranks of the army a love of their profession, and a capacity of matching themselves with the finest troops which Europe ever produced,—to the memory of his royal highness the Duke of York we owe this change from the state of the forces thirty years since.

"The means of improving the tactics of the British army did not escape his royal highness's sedulous care and attention. Formerly every commanding officer manœuvred his regiment after his own fashion; and if a brigade of troops were brought together, it was very doubtful whether they could execute any one combined movement, and almost certain that they could not execute the various parts of it on the same principle. This was remedied by the system of regulations compiled by the late Sir David Dundas, and which obtained the sanction and countenance of his royal highness. This one circumstance,

of giving a uniform principle and mode of working to the different bodies, which are after all but parts of the same great machine, was in itself one of the most distinguished services which could be rendered to a national army; and it is only surprising that, before it was introduced, the British army was able to execute any combined movements at all.

"We can but notice the Duke of York's establishment near Chelsea for the orphans of soldiers, the cleanliness and discipline of which is a model for such institutions; and the Royal Military School, or College, at Sandhurst, where every species of scientific instruction is afforded to those officers whom it is desirable to qualify for the service of the staff. The excellent officers who have been formed at this institution, are the best pledge of what is due to its founder. Again we repeat, that if the British soldier meets his foreign adversary, not only with equal courage, but with equal readiness and facility of manœuvre—if the British officer brings against his scientific antagonist, not only his own good heart and hand, but an improved and enlightened knowledge of his profession, to the memory of the Duke of York, the army and the country owe them.

"The character of his royal highness was admirably adapted to the task of this extended reformation in a branch of the public service on which the safety of England absolutely depended for the time. Without possessing any brilliancy, his judgment, in itself clear and steady, was inflexibly guided by honor and principle. No solicitations could make him promise what it would have been inconsistent with these principles to grant; nor could any circumstances induce him to break or elude the promise which he had once given. At the same time, his feelings, humane and kindly, were, on all possible occasions, accessible to the claims of compassion; and there occurred but rare instances of a wife widowed, or a family rendered orphans, by the death of a meritorious officer, without something being done to render their calamities more tolerable."

To this most admirable summary of his services as commander-in-chief, we shall in conclusion add the description of the person and private character of his royal highness, which proceeds from the same excellent pen.

"In his person and countenance the Duke of York was large, stout, and manly; he spoke rather with some of the indistinctness of utterance peculiar to his late father, than with the precision of enunciation which distinguishes the king, his royal brother. Indeed, his royal highness resembled his late majesty perhaps the most of any of George the Third's descendants. His family affections were strong, and the public cannot have forgotten the pious tenderness with which he discharged the duty of watching the last days of his royal father, darkened as they were by corporeal blindness and mental incapacity. No pleasure, no business, was ever known to interrupt his regular visits to Windsor, where his unhappy parent could neither be grateful for, nor even sensible of, his unremitted attention. The same ties of affection united his royal highness to

the other members of his family, and, particularly, to its present royal head. Those who witnessed the coronation of his present majesty, will long remember, as the most interesting part of that august ceremony, the cordiality with which his royal highness the Duke of York performed his act of homage, and the tears of affection which were mutually shed between the royal brethren. We are aware, that, under this heavy dispensation, his majesty will be chief mourner, not in name only, but in all the sincerity of severed affection. The king's nearest brother in blood was also his nearest in affection; and the subject who stood next to the throne, was the individual who would most willingly have laid down his life for its support.

"In social intercourse, the Duke of York was kind, courteous, and condescending—general attributes, we believe, of the blood royal of England, and well befitting the princes of a free country."

A LANDSCAPE.

ON to the mountain! let us from its verge

View nature stretching forth the varied scene,—

The rivers and the streamlets glide between,
Now lost in windings, then again emerge,
And dazzle with their brightness: now invade
The forest's gloom, and cooling in the shade,
Dash out refreshed. Then survey the heath,
In savage grandeur spread itself beneath;
And mark the wild-flower rear its humble head,
And bloom contented on the spot we tread.
Nature! 'tis here, I do adore thee! here, oh God!
Where foot of man profane has seldom trod.
Here let my incense rise! here let my spirit soar,
And bow before thy shrine, and wonder and adore.

Y. Y.

SLEEP.

SLEEP, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds which are oppress'd;
Lo, by thy charming rod all breathing things
Lie slumb'ring with forgetfulness possess'd,
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spar'st, alas! who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
To inward light which thou art wont to shew,
With feigned solace ease a true-felt woe;
Or if, dear God, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
I long to kiss the image of my death.

W. DRUMMOND.

THE SAINT GRAYLE.

Graal, or Grayle, is an old word for a dish or large plate, and the one which is distinguished as the Saint Graal, or Grayle, the holy Grayle, is held to be the very dish out of which Our Saviour ate upon the occasion of his partaking the last passover with his disciples.

This holy vessel was originally supposed to have been in the possession of Joseph, of Arimathea, the reputed founder of Glastonbury, who brought it to England. It was kept at Glastonbury for many years, but at last was somehow or other lost from thence, and it then became the great object of search amongst knights errant, and is mentioned in many of the old romances.

After being missed for several centuries, it was said to be discovered at Genoa, about the year 1100; or, at any event, a dish was produced there as the Saint Grayle, or as it was then termed, "*il sacro cattino*." Of course it was considered an invaluable relic, and was an object of great reverence and veneration, more especially as some spots were pointed out in it, which were said to be stains produced by drops of blood of Our Saviour, which were caught in it by Joseph of Arimathea, whilst Jesus Christ was upon the cross. It is of an hexagonal form, and made of a coarse green glass. The legend which was told of it at Genoa was, that it was taken at the capture of Caesarea, in the holy wars, and was presented to the Genoese by Baldwin, King of Jerusalem; an account which certainly does not harmonize well with our pretended title to it through Joseph of Arimathea.

It remained at Genoa until the year 1806, when Buonaparte, in his rage to transport every thing curious or celebrated in art to Paris, carried off the Saint Grayle, and it was deposited in the Cabinet of Antiquities, in the Imperial Library. We understand it still remains there; whether it has ever been claimed by the Genoese or not, we have not been able to ascertain.

X.

EPIGRAM.

Screw lives by shifts, yet swears with no small oaths,
With all his shifts, he cannot shift his clothes.

THE LITERATURE OF ENGLAND.

FROM THE TIME OF THE DRUIDS, TO THE PRESENT CENTURY.

No. III.

HENRY THE FIRST, who came to the throne in the year 1100, was considered a most accomplished prince. He was educated with great care, by his father*; and passed his early youth at Cambridge, we are told†, in the study of the liberal arts, which he so thoroughly relished and so deeply imbibed, that, in after times, "no tumults of war, no agitation of cares, could ever expel them from his illustrious mind." He possessed all the great qualities both of body and mind, natural and acquired, which could fit him for his high station. By his great progress in literature he acquired the name of *Beauclerc*, or the scholar; and, such was the force of his eloquence, that Pope Callixtus is said to have given him the preference to all the other princes of Europe‡.

We may pass with a sigh over the turbulent reign of Stephen, to come to that of HENRY PLANTAGANET, who, in 1154, ascended the English throne. He had spent his early youth in France, and had not neglected the opportunities of instruction which that country afforded. His talents were great, and his love of letters conspicuous; and through the whole course of his reign, as often as the cares of Government would permit, he is said to have recreated himself either in learned conversation or reading, and to have cultivated his natural talents by study beyond any prince of his time. Under such a prince, and during a reign of little less than forty years, uninterrupted by wars, all foreign improvements in literature and politeness seem to have been, in a great measure, transplanted into England. And the little learning of the Saxon priests, which had hitherto been confined to church history and legendary tales, was now exchanged for the subtleties of school philosophy.

WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY, a monk and librarian of that abbey, and an excellent historian to his own time, died in 1146. Of him, little more is known than what himself has incidentally recorded; but his writings, from a certain degree of elegance in the diction, and a great air of truth in the narrative, have obtained him the commendation of our ablest critics. Robert, Earl of Gloucester, the natural son of Henry the First, was the protector of this learned monk, and to him he dedicated his two principal works, "which," says Leland§, "as often as I take into my hands, I am compelled to admire the diligence of the man, whose reading had been vast; the felicity of his diction, which could imitate the best originals, and the soundness of his judgment." The learned Henry Saville also says, "Among our most ancient writers, William, for fidelity of narration and maturity of judgment, holds the first place; a man, as the times

* William Malmesb. lib. 5.

† Tho. Rudburn, Ang. Sax. t. 1.

‡ Berington's Lit. Hist. book 4.

§ De Scrip. Brit.

were, well versed in letters, and who, with such diligence and truth, has drawn together the events of so long a period, as to be thought almost alone, among us, to have fulfilled the duties of an historian*." Few writers have been so highly praised as this modest friar, whose humble sentiments of his own merit deserve to be recorded: "I presume not," says he, "to expect the applause of my contemporaries; but, I hope, that when favor and malevolence are no more, I shall receive from impartial posterity the character of an industrious, though not an eloquent, historiographer." His general history of England—*De Gestis Regum Anglorum*—is in five books, from the arrival of the Saxons, in 449, to the 26th of Henry the First, 1126; his modern history—*Historiæ Novellæ*—in two books, from that year to 1143; and a history, in four books, of the English church—*De Rebus Gestis Pontificum Anglorum*.

RALPH DE DICETO, Dean of Saint Paul's, coeval with Henry the Second, and his sons, wrote two histories, one a mere abridgment—*Abbreviationes Chronicorum*—from 589 to 1197; the other—*Ymagines Historiarum*—from 1149 to 1199, the first of King John. From his rank in the church, and the various business in which he was employed, De Diceto was well qualified to record the transactions, particularly of his own times, and he has done it with accuracy and truth. His facts seem judiciously selected, and they are arranged with perspicuity; and his narrative, without being very correct or elegant, is manly and ingenuous. He, as well as other writers of the age, seems well acquainted with the character and great occurrences of other countries, which they very copiously record, and of which they must have obtained their information from the constant intercourse with Rome.

JOHN OF SALISBURY, a man whose elegance of learning was above the level of the age of which he was the principal ornament, flourished about this period. Early in life he travelled to Paris, in which city he heard Abeillard, and after him other able professors; under whose instructions he soon became a great proficient in the popular exercises of disputation. Thus rich in scientific lore, he returned to England, where he applied himself to sacred literature; but we again find him in France, visiting his former companions on the Mount of St. Genevieve. The rewards which the great learning and many virtues of John merited, he soon obtained in abundance in his own and in other countries. We see him, in the English court, consulted by our primates, particularly by Thomas à Becket, whose friend he was in prosperity, and whose companion in exile; and, at Rome, we find him highly esteemed by more than one pontiff, and enjoying the familiar intercourse of our countryman, Adrian the Fourth.

It was on the occasion of his being sent to Rome by Henry the Second, to obtain from this Adrian, as it seems, the grant of Ireland (as an island, by the donation of Constantine, pertaining to the See of Peter), that a conversation was opened between the envoy and the

* Ep. ad Eliz. Regina.

pontiff, of which the former has given an account: "Adrian had lamented his many sufferings, since his elevation to the papal chair, observing, that his seat was beset with thorns; that it would have been well had he never quitted his native soil, and the obscure retreat of a cloister; and that heaven had placed him between the anvil and the hammer, from which he knew not how he should be rescued." With a frankness that did him honor, he then enquired of his friend what the world said of him and of the Romish Church*. "What I have heard in many countries," replied John of Salisbury, "I will freely tell you. They say, that the Church of Rome shews herself not so much the parent of other churches, as their step-mother. Scribes and Pharisees have their seats in her, who lay grievous burdens on the shoulders of men, which themselves will not touch with one of their fingers. They domineer over the clergy, without being an example to the flock: they heap together rich furniture, and load their tables with gold and silver, whilst their hands are kept shut by avarice. The poor rarely find access to them, unless when vanity may introduce them. They raise contributions on the churches, excite litigations, promote disputes between the pastor and the people, deeming the best exercise of religion to consist in the procurement of wealth. With them every thing is venal; and they may be said to imitate the devils who, when they cease to do mischief, glory in their beneficence. From this charge a small number may be excepted. The Pope himself is a burden to Christendom, which is scarcely to be borne. The complaint is, that while the churches, which the piety of our fathers erected, are in ruins, and their altars neglected, he builds palaces, and exhibits his person, clothed not only in purple, but resplendent with gold. These things, and more than these, the people are heard to utter." "And what is your own opinion?" observed Adrian. "Your question distresses me," answered the envoy; "for should I oppose my single voice to the public sentiment, I must be deemed false, or a flatterer: on the other hand, I am fearful of giving offence. However, as a cardinal of your church (whom he names) has sanctioned the voice of the people, I presume not to contradict him. He maintains that, in the Romish Church, there is a fund of duplicity and avarice, the real source of all the evils; and this he once declared in a public assembly, in which the late Eugenius presided. But I must myself boldly say, as my conscience dictates, that I no where ever beheld ecclesiastics more virtuous, and more enemies to avarice, than in this church, of which I can cite living examples; and in whom may be found the austere manners and temperance of Fabricius, joined to the character of Christian excellence. As you insist on having my opinion, I will say, that your doctrines should be followed, though all your actions may not be imitated. The world applauds and flatters you; calls you father and master. If you are a father, why do you look for gifts from your children? if a master, why are you not feared and obeyed

* Joan. Cerisb. Policrat. l. ii. cap. 23.

by your Romans? But you wish, it seems, to preserve this city by your largesses. Was it by such means that Sylvester acquired it? Holy father, you are in error. What you have freely received, freely give. By oppressing others, you subject yourself to oppression." Adrian smiled, and, having praised the ingenuous freedom of his address, commanded him, when he heard any evil of him, faithfully to report it. Then, to justify the contributions which Rome exacted from the churches, he repeated the apologue of the stomach and the members; these complaining that he alone was benefitted by their toil, and yet they found, by experience, that without him they could not subsist.

The work which contains this curious dialogue, is entitled, *Polycraticon*, or *de nugis curialium et vestigiis philosophorum**, inscribed to Thomas à Becket, who was then Chancellor of England; and, notwithstanding its imperfections, it is a valuable monument of literature, and exhibits, in a pleasing manner, the talents, the good sense, and the learning of John of Salisbury.

ROGER BACON, a Franciscan friar of surprising genius and learning, was born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire, in the year 1214. He commenced his studies at Oxford, where he secured the patronage and friendship of the most eminent men in that University. Having spent some years at Oxford in the study of the languages, logic, mathematics, and various branches of philosophy, he removed, according to the custom of that age, to Paris, where he was distinguished both by his assiduity and improvement; and where, in token of his acknowledged eminence in literature and science, he received the degree of doctor in theology†. While he was in France, or soon after his return to England in the year 1240, he took the monastic habit in the order of St. Francis, and with a view of pursuing his studies and researches with the greater advantage, he settled at Oxford. Such was the esteem in which he was generally held, and so high were the expectations which his contemporaries entertained of the benefits that would result to science from the vigor of his mind and the assiduity of his application, that he was enabled by generous contributions to collect books, to construct instruments, and to prosecute his experiments, during a course of twenty years, at an expense of 2000*l.*; which, considering the time in which he lived, was a very large sum.

His growing fame, however, excited envy; and the monks of his own order industriously circulated a report that he held converse with evil spirits, and practised magical arts. His enemies so far prevailed, under pretence of dangerous innovations, tending to disturb the peace of the church (which Bacon was attempting to introduce), that he was restrained from reading lectures to the young students in the University; and at length so closely confined, as to be debarred from all intercourse with his friends, and from receiving a necessary supply

* Of the fopperies of courts and the footsteps of philosophers.

† Hist. Univers. Oxon. sub. an. 1292.

of food. The efforts of malevolence, however, did not deprive this great man of the esteem and respect to which his distinguished talents and character entitled him. Pope Clement the Fourth wishing to obtain a complete copy of his works, extended to him his protection. Bacon complied with this desire, and sent his various pieces (compiled into one work, under the title of "*Opus Majus*," to the Pope by a special messenger, whose name was John of Paris, and who was his own favorite disciple*. When he had been ten years in confinement, Jerome de Ascoli being elected Pope, Bacon solicited his holiness to be released; and towards the end of that Pope's reign, he obtained his liberty. He spent the remainder of his life in the college of his order, where he died, according to Anthony Wood, on the 11th of June, 1292. Tradition reports, that in order to prevent the uneasiness occasioned by his enemies in the earlier period of his life, and while he was prosecuting his studies and performing his experiments at Brazen-nose Hall at Oxford, he was obliged to retire from the University into a solitary place, called to this day "*Friar Bacon's Study*."

As the whole life of Friar Bacon was spent in study and retirement, we need not wonder that his works were very numerous. They are classed under the heads of grammar, mathematics, physic, optics, geography, astronomy, chronology, chemistry, magic, medicine, logic, metaphysics, ethics, theology, philology, and miscellany. Although allowance should be made for the language of panegyric which characterizes Bacon as the "brightest and most universal genius the world ever saw," he must ever be regarded as a prodigy of learning and science, and a very high rank must be assigned to him among those who have been instruments of enlightening and reforming the world †.

Though poetry did not flourish during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, it did not fail for want of patronage. The Saxon Matilda, queen to Henry the First, was a generous patroness of poets. Longchamp, the favorite minister of Richard Cœur de Lion, kept many bards in his pay, and even allured minstrels from France to enliven the streets of London by their songs. The works, however, which met with such encouragement from people of rank, were composed in the Norman or French languages, the original English poetry

* JOHN of PARIS was a poor boy of promising talents, taken by Bacon under his tuition, in order to try by experience the efficacy of his peculiar mode of instruction; and as the result of it, he observes, "that there was no room to conceive any high notions of the perfection of human wisdom, when it was possible, in a year's time, to teach a young man all that, with the utmost industry and application, a zealous enquirer after knowledge was able either to acquire or to discover in the space of twenty, or even forty, years."

† See more on this extraordinary man in the *Hist. Univers. Oxon.*—See Leland, Cave, and the *Biographia Britannica*, which contains a very elaborate account of Bacon's Works. The Works of Bacon are: 1. *Epistola fratris Rogeri Baconis de Secretis Operibus Artis et Naturæ, et de Nullitate Magiæ*, Paris, 1542, 4to. Basil, 1593, 8vo.—2. *Opus Majus*, Lond. 1733, fol. published by Dr. Jebb. 3. *Thesaurus Chemicus*, Francf. 1603, 1620. Besides which, there are said to remain in different libraries, several manuscripts of his not yet published.

being but little cultivated. The neglect of our poetry must be attributed to William the Conqueror. In order to subjugate the minds of his people, he projected the abolition of the English language, and by admitting at Court no other language than French, he caused all the youth in the schools of the kingdom to be instructed in it*.

The most ancient English song now extant is preserved in a manuscript in the British Museum†, and is believed to have been written at least as early as the year 1250. It is in praise of the Cuckoo, and "in a measure which is its own music." The following is a translation of it:—

" Summer is come in,
Loud sings the cuckoo;
Now the seed grows, and the mead blows,
And the wood springs.
The ewe bleats after the lambs,
The calf lows after the cow;
The bullock starts,
The buck verts‡;
Merrily sings the cuckoo:
Well singest thou cuckoo;
Mayest thou never cease."

T. H. K.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night---good night; go, sweetly sleep,
Pale Hecate's glories disappear;
Good spirits watch shall o'er thee keep,
Thou'st nought to grieve thee, nought to fear.
Go; close in sleep those eyes so bright;
Good night, dear maid, good night---good night.

Sleep calmly, 'till on hill and stream
Aurora's golden smiles shall fall;
And in that sleep let some kind dream
Our daily thoughts and looks recall.
Soft be thy dreams, thy slumber light,
Good night, dear maid, good night---good night.

S. R. J.

* Dr. Johnson's Hist. of the Eng. Language.

† Harl. Lib. No. 978.

‡ Goes to harbour in the fern.

LITERARY SKETCHES.

BY MISS PARDOE.

No. II.—FORTUNE HUNTING.

"Pno, pho," said Sleighton, "what though your old uncle has died and cheated you, *nil desperandum!* Were you old, ugly, and a bore, then, indeed, you might stick neck high in the slough of despond; but yours is *une autre affaire* altogether."

"But I am fit for nothing," urged Eggleston; "I have been nursed in indulgence; reared amid luxury and profusion; grown up without a thought or dread of to-morrow; been taught to look on myself as sole heir to the large estates of my uncle; and now he has willed them elsewhere, and I am a beggar!"

"Then you must—marry," said Sleighton, gravely.

"And in the name of wonder who would marry me under such circumstances? or how am I, who cannot support myself, to provide for a wife?"

"She must provide for you:" and Sleighton was as serious as before. There was a short pause, which was broken by himself, as he murmured, "Eton—Oxford—two-and-twenty—dark blue eyes—height, near six feet—fine shoulders—well-turned leg—in at Almack's—aquiline nose and Grecian lips—classical forehead and rich hair—Eggleston," he added, in a higher key, addressing himself more directly to his companion, "you will be cheap at thirty thousand!"

"Are you mad, Sleighton?"

"No, *mon ami, mais, pour telles choses*, the women are—come, come; you might have Arabella Goldsbey on demand, and she will thank you in her heart for the opportunity."

"Heavens, she squints!"

"*Qu'importe?* so do your fortunes. A man never refuses a few bank notes because they chance to be soiled." Eggleston sighed audibly. "I did not think you were so *young*," pursued his friend. "Matrimony, Ferdinand, is the best speculation extant, ay, it beats the joint stock companies *à poudre*, for you may embark in it with no other capital than good eyes, ready wit, and unabashable impudence—listen to me, and learn wisdom. Lusignan Feathercourt was a neighbour of my father's: his worthy parent, Mr. Jeremy Feathercourt, gave him a fine education, four years on the Continent, two hundred per annum to starve upon, and turned him adrift. Eustace, the elder brother, took the estate, and the old man divided the hard cash among the girls. '*Va t'en*,' said the papa, Lusignan walked off accordingly; he was a good-looking fellow, well built, and as elastic as Indian rubber—a famous shot, a fine dancer, a capital flirt, valed *à ravir*, ejected small talk, as though he had been born *pour cela*, and above all, he never forgot that he must be the architect of his own fortunes. *Eh bien!* to London he came: dressed high,

though he could not pay his tailor; betted high, when any one would take his bet; lived high, until he became a walking 'bad debt' to every hotel-keeper about town; rode hard, when he borrowed a friend's horse; stared hard, when he thought a girl's complexion looked bilious from her father's gold; and worked hard, at his toilette-glass. In short, Feathercourt was *en route* for a good thing, if ever man was, when the blockhead fell in love—slap dash, *bona fide*, in love! He was making up to Miss Gustina Grachet, the only daughter and heiress of old Bartholomew Grachet, a retired slop-seller, who had a snug fifty thousand in bank stock, and sundry little etceteras elsewhere. The father, to be sure, shuffled, and screwed, and talked about his expectations and such like irrationalities; but Mademoiselle herself did seriously incline to his addresses, and all went on as flourishingly as he could wish; truth to tell, the young lady had light grey eyes, and red hair, measured some yard and quarter round the waist, and had encouraged her shoulders into a visiting acquaintance with her ears, stretched her father's shoes, and had never been able altogether to divide the interests of the *v's* and *w's* of her discourse; but these were "trifles light as air" to one who had eyes, hair, shape, and expression for both; and he also wisely remembered, that although Miss Grachet chose to talk, it would be very easy to make Mrs. Feathercourt hold her tongue; and that even if the spinster thought proper to sport red ringlets, the matron might be easily initiated into the propriety of having her head shaved, or wearing caps.

"It was a pity that such a sensible fellow should lose himself, but he did nevertheless; went to Bath, saw Almeria Stanhope, a girl of high family, and high breeding, without a sous, and fell in love! Then he began to curse fortune, as all men do, who have more sentiment than sense; played the guitar and the fool with the Stanhope, and left the Grachet to pat the piano, and warble 'Vill you come to the bower,' by herself: then there were moonlight walks and tailors' bills, and serenades, and ice creams, and new music, and new pastry, and heart aches, and Atkinson's curling fluid—but who does not know something of the agreeable *mélange* of a love affair? Still this might have been very well—he liked it, and she liked him: but he wanted to marry her, and then came a statement of impossibilities; aristocratic letters from her aristocratic relations, ingeniously folded *en envelopes*, unfranked—deprecating epistles from his own father—more explanations, a series of hysterics, and a parting! Miss Stanhope went into a decline, and was hurried off to Lisbon, and Lusignan Feathercourt voted himself miserable; loitered about town another season, running new bills, and new perils; distancing bailiffs, and coaxing Israelites; and it all ended at last by the death of old Grachet, an *accomodement* between his fair daughter and the love-sick Lusignan, and the arrival of the bridal party at the white-washed villa, facing the north gate of Sleighton Park."

"What a miserable match!" ejaculated Eggleston.

"And wherefore?" demanded his friend. "Feathercourt

remained three weeks with his wife—knocked up a quarrel, and left her—the result of nineteen out of twenty marriages in the nineteenth century: he has come in for a good thing, and she has got a husband. So, once more, *nil desperandum*, say I!"

"Before I do this, I will vend ballads in the streets," said Eggleston: "the man who can basely barter honor, feeling, self-respect, and the welfare of a trusting woman, to his own vile interests, is more despicable than a common robber; the one destroys but the world's wealth, the other, the heart's peace!"

LOST HONOR.

OH! where's your honor now?
Cried Ada (being kist);
Remember,---I'd your vow,
And yet you still persist,
I pout,---and chide,---and frown,---
Declare you're born to tease,
And then, you frankly own,
You'll kiss me, when you please.

My honor did'st thou say!
Upon thy lips it play'd;
I came to take away
The virtue, which had stray'd;
I took it back, 'tis true,
But, by the pleasing smart,
Soon found I'd left with you
A pledge as dear,---a heart.

Then, Ada, take the last,
'Tis faithful but to thee,
For all its trials past,
It seeks thy sympathy;
And as for kissing, lest
Too hard a vow you make it,
Love thinks it will be best
To chide me,---while I break it.

Thy gentle lecture, then,
Midst kisses shall be heard;
And, when I err again,
If thou should'st doubt my word,
I swear by thee,---and heav'n,
If thou'rt one moment vex't,
(My wrongs---if wrongs, forgiv'n)
To---err again the next!

C.

SOME THOUGHTS (PHILOSOPHICAL) ON VISION.

THAT the sense of vision is the noblest which the Deity has imparted to humanity, has been uniformly acknowledged by philosophers; not only the sages of antiquity, but philosophers of all ages, have admitted its high precedency in the sum of human enjoyments. Newton, who turned the energies of his great mind to an investigation of the phenomena which produce to the mind the delightful impressions of color; Berkeley, who struck out a new theory of vision, in which he explains its laws upon immutable principles; Adam Smith, who philosophically viewed the influence of sight upon our scientific attainments, in the history of the progress of astronomy; Dr. Reid, who, although he acknowledges most of the leading positions maintained by certain philosophers who preceded him in these matters, evinced his usual determination to quarrel with them all, because they did not investigate on his alleged principles of common sense; Burke, who systematically unfolded the impressions which outward objects produce upon the mind through the medium of optics; and, lastly, Professor Dugald Stewart, and Dr. Chalmers, have, amongst numerous others, investigated its proper objects, and recognized the vast pre-eminency of this single sense, over all others.

So much of genius and learning, indeed, has been expended in endeavouring to explain the principles, or the laws, by which the science of optics is governed, that I may almost incur the charge of presumption, in touching on the subject. However, there are some points connected in various ways "with this most delightful of all our senses," as Addison terms it, which may justify a few further observations, from a plain thinker. The ingenious Ray has well remarked, "as the eyes are the windows, to let in the *species* of all exterior objects into the dark cells of the brain, for the information of the soul; so are they flaming torches, to reveal to those abroad how the soul is moved and affected."

By far the greater part of the ideas we derive from perfection and sensation, are, indeed, let into the mind, through the faculty of vision. Through its aid, we not only "inspect a mite," and roam over the boundless scene of terrestrial nature, as she stands displayed in all her forms of complex and beautiful variety; but "comprehend the heavens," and marshal the radiant host, which canopy the firmament. Calculations upon the distance, magnitude, and motion of the celestial bodies, could never, it is manifest, have entered the human mind, had this sense, alone, in the economy of our own frame, been denied us.

From vision, alone, we become acquainted with the minute and unknown worlds which the microscope unfolds; realms peopled with a universe of animated existence, which must, otherwise, for ever have eluded man's knowledge.

The fascinating scenes which, in some countries, spread a charm of ineffable beauty over whatever has relation to vision; the picturesque and radiant hues which the scenery of Greece unfolds; the rich and glowing colors which diversify the atmosphere, and the skies of Italy, associated and connected as they are with the finer intellectual enjoyments of their respective inhabitants, could never have entered into the poet's imagination, or fired his enthusiasm, had we never enjoyed the faculty of vision.

The laws of perspective, as they amalgamate, so to speak, in the *alembic of the eye*; the blended colors of the pictorial art, which administer in so high a degree to the formation of our tastes and the tone of our

moral feelings, would cease to operate, were mankind deprived of the images which crowd into the sensorium from every part of the arena of visible nature. The principles and the laws by which the faculty of vision is regulated, have frequently, and perhaps sufficiently, been explained by those who have studied optics as a science. The refrangibility and reflexivity of light, for instance, and its effects; the action of homogeneous and heterogeneous rays; the angles of incidence, of reflection, of refraction, and of deviation; with the varied phenomena produced upon the optic sense, from the contraction and dilation of the pupil of the eye, through the medium of the particles of light, which strike reciprocally upon that, and all bodies within its influence: all these, with numerous others, ascertained through subordinate details in the theory of sight, have been scientifically unfolded by philosophic observers. But these may be termed, minor points, which grow out of a close study of the phenomena, developed in the economy of sight; the grand innovation, however, which the Bishop of Cloyne wrought in this science, when he taught mankind, that they never saw the distance, respectively, between objects; but that our knowledge of their relative proximity or remoteness, and consequently, that an idea of their magnitudes was acquired purely through our judgment, aided by a course of experience, is of a far higher character. The appearance of Berkeley's Treatise, it is well known, reformed the theory of optical science, and established other laws, by which the economy of vision was explained. He instructed man, that though it is the noblest of our sensual faculties, vision was yet fallacious, inasmuch as it is from experience we ascertain the true position of objects within the reach of our sight, and whilst he established his hypothesis upon an immutable basis, these new positions, opposed as they were to certain prejudices and habits contracted by mankind, were quickly instrumental in exploding many hallucinations, fatally destructive of truth and accuracy. His postulates upon these subjects, although, they had, like the positions of Galileo and Copernicus, when they taught that the earth moved, to struggle with the preconceived notions of the generality of mankind, were quickly espoused by the discerning part of it.

Amongst others, this new theory was recognized as legitimate, and becomingly lauded by the celebrated Dr. Reid. Severe sarcasm, and loud and bitter irony, are deservedly employed in ridicule of the bishop's hypotheses, connected with the non-existence of matter: but when, on the other hand, he struck out a new track for the reformation of the laws of vision, the doctor yielded him just praise for the penetrating research, and cautious vigilance, which are manifested throughout his enquiries.

At the present day, although paradox still abounds, the pretensions of the Bishop of Cloyne, in his famous postulates concerning matter, are altogether lost sight of. A disciple of his school, indeed, (if such there be,) would at present be deemed an absolute madman; nor can we in this age give implicit credence to Dr. Reid, when he dogmatically asserts, through the whole of his famous *Metaphysical Treatise on the Principles of Common Sense*, that Berkeley, and after him Hume, proved most logically their chimerical notions, from the well-known hypotheses of Locke, concerning what he terms, "Secondary qualities in bodies."

We will hear the professor himself:---"What Locke had proved," says he, (Sect. 6, "Of Seeing,") "with regard to the sensations we have by smell, taste, and hearing, Bishop Berkeley proved, no less unanswerably, with regard to our other sensations; to wit, that none of them can in the least resemble the qualities of a lifeless and insentient being, such as matter is conceived to be. Mr. Hume," he adds, "has confirmed this by his authority and reasoning.---This opinion surely looks

with a very malign aspect upon the old hypothesis; yet that hypothesis has been retained and conjoined with it. And what a breed of monsters," ejaculates our professor of moral philosophy, "has this produced!" And he afterwards adds, as a commentary, "Surely no age ever produced such a system of opinions, justly deduced with great acuteness, perspicuity, and elegance, from a principle universally received."

Now, in this and many other passages throughout his "Enquiry," the author of "Common Sense" notoriety in these studies, classes Locke, Des Cartes, Malebranche, and their commentators, Berkeley and Hume, all together, and of course, *par consequence*, makes the first responsible for the inconceivable absurdities of the two last. As the subject is connected with vision, we shall venture a caveat against this opinion, not only broadly insinuated, but openly avowed.

Great names should, in common justice, be cleared from unmerited obloquy; and though, in this practical age, it may be said, that it is not so much the names of the mighty dead, as the progress of science, and the improvement of our contemporaries, which ought to form the end and aim of an essayist; yet when the two-fold object may be attained of illustrating a writer's real meaning, and removing the errors of a contemporary, or a past school of metaphysics, we may be justified in the attempt.

Locke first assumed, it is well known, that every object exposed to our sight is painted on the *retina* of the eye, which communicates an idea of the object to the brain, and which idea is thus at once shot into the sensorium; which hypothesis, in substance, embraces that of Berkeley, by anticipating his doctrine of all objects being at an equal distance from the sense. This, however, by no means meets with approbation from Dr. Reid and his followers, who allege, though somewhat vainly, that the notion of perceiving all the objects of animate and inanimate nature, by a representation or image, termed an *IDEA*, (an epithet which, how much soever they ridicule it, is in frequent and even necessary use among themselves,) is a fallacy, and leads the way to errors of dangerous magnitude. But, notwithstanding all the vapouring of the "Common Sense" school, it has long been manifest to mankind, that the phenomena connected with vision cannot be explained without adopting this hypothesis of Locke's, which, in effect, is the same as that adopted and improved by Berkeley.

In the instance of the celebrated operation performed by Cheselden, namely, the couching a youth of fourteen years of age, who never recollected having the faculty of sight. The lad thought, for a considerable time after obtaining his sight, that all objects were painted on his eye. It is further recorded of this youth*, that his friends, who thought he knew what pictures represented, afterwards found that they were mistaken, for it appears that about two months after he was couched, he discovered, for the first time, that they represented solid bodies, when before that time he considered them merely as partly colored plains, or surfaces, diversified with variety of paint; but it further appears that even then he was no less surprised, expecting the pictures would feel like the things they represented, and was amazed when he found those parts which by their light and shadow appeared round and uneven, felt flat, like the rest. He asked which was the *lying sense*, feeling or seeing?

These are authenticated facts, and no theory; but they are (if need

* By the master of the Free-school in Haxley, Lincolnshire, who has preserved a few details concerning him.---Dated 1731.

be) abundantly corroborated from other testimony. In the fine arts, how, indeed, it might be asked, unless objects were delineated upon the eye, could pictorial exhibitions represent nature in all her varieties and proportions? Perspective, with all its ramified laws---the minute and exquisite shadings, with their innumerable gradations, so blended and amalgamated, as clearly and distinctly to represent distance, must for ever fail in producing correct transcripts of their archetype---nature, if, in truth, the scenes of this last did not present to the eye as level a surface as canvas or marble. A landscape of Claude, or one of the finest efforts of imagination from the pencil of Salvator Rosa, could not otherwise, it is plain, affect the mind of the beholder with similar emotions to those which they receive from real scenes of nature.

But Dr. Reid, in his capacity of general reformer in matters of metaphysical authority, has bestowed his usual sarcasms upon another doctrine of Locke, connected with vision---his doctrine of colors. Here also he confounds the author of the "Essay on Human Understanding," with those who have foisted false corollaries and absurdity on his well-known theory concerning the non-existence of colors. It is, however, worthy of remark, that while Dr. Reid labors to prove that Locke was an enthusiast in these matters, who led men's minds astray from the truth, he often, in *substance*, himself admits the philosophical propriety of his positions. For though he (Dr. Reid) asserts, that it is a dangerous and fatal error to teach that color has no *real* existence in bodies themselves; yet would the doctor, or any of his disciples, have been puzzled to advance the shadow of argument in proof of its being essentially any thing separate from body; any thing, in fact, more than Locke pronounces it to be. "What!" says a disciple of the "Common Sense" school, in the true spirit of their founder, "has the great Newton employed his powers in investigating the properties of colors, and shall another philosopher deny their very existence?" It is very easy to misrepresent an author's meaning, and then descant upon the apparent absurdities of his dogmas. The principle which Locke advocated, was simply this:---After enumerating what he, not improperly, terms the Primary Qualities, which inhere in all bodies in the universe, (with which every reader of the writings of this great man is sufficiently conversant) he ranks their color, which affects the eye with agreeable or displeasing sensations, under the head of Secondary Qualities. These last, as is also sufficiently known, Locke considers only as a sort of power to produce certain affections, or, as he terms them, *ideas*, upon our senses, "which, says he, "have been generally looked upon as real qualities inhering in the things so affecting us." This he attempts to prove by a variety of arguments; but as we have undertaken to illustrate this point, we will avail ourselves of an argument or two of our own. If those peculiar *shadings*, (in all their hues and tints) which we call color, and which adhere to the surface of most bodies of nature, are in truth not powers, what are they?---Is this color a substance, or is it immaterial?---Will any one assert, that this color is a thing, having distinct qualities from the body, to the surface of which it adheres, and which it often diversifies with such brilliant shades?---In questions of this kind, we must always separate, in our ideas, the thing which strikes the eye with the peculiar sensation which men denominate color, and its *substratum*, which is separate and distinct from it. If not substantial or material, this thing which strikes upon the eye must be immaterial, and consequently *invisible*. But if color, which variegates with such unnumbered tints the visible creation, be, in point of fact, only an effect produced by the rays of light, striking on the surface of a body, then it is beyond all question, non-existent when not perceived. It is assuredly very con-

ceivable, that this effect (of color) may be produced by the subtle and insensible parts of the superficies of a body, when so disposed as to reflect the rays of light in a different manner from another body, whose minute or insensible parts are disposed after another manner. These minute or insensible parts, pre-dispose the rays of the sun, so to reflect upon the surface of this body, as to create in the mind of the spectator, a sensation of blue, green, red, yellow, black, and their infinite intermediate varieties. Color, therefore, (or our ideas of color, for it is the same thing,) is entirely dependant upon the peculiar, insensible modification of the surface of the body, pre-disposed and arranged for the action of light. The peculiar affection of the optical sense, moreover, which we call color, is not only an idea in the mind of the beholder, as the disciples of the "Common Sense" school allege that Locke asserts, but is dependant solely upon the texture of the minute parts of the surface of a body. If this be true, and that it is, we need only appeal to reason, whence comes all the clamor of Dr. Reid and his followers, who assert that Locke was among the most eminent of those who had misled mankind in these matters? Mr. Locke shall, finally, speak for himself. "Colors, therefore," says he, "are, in truth, powers, which (through the instrumentality of light,) operate upon the primary qualities of the bodies, that is, the bulk, figure, texture, or motion of their insensible parts, so as in a peculiar manner to act on our senses, and produce in us the ideas of color in their varieties."

From these simple positions, with regard to vision and its laws, it is alleged the "brood of monsters" (in Dr. Reid's language) has sprung. But we have shewn that, so far is the Lockean hypothesis concerning color, as it affects the eye, from foisting on mankind any dangerous error, that, through it, many phenomena connected with this branch of physiology are rendered more intelligible. If it be still maintained, conformably with the opinion of "Common Sense" philosophy, that the prelate we have already noticed, deduced his famous conclusions respecting the material world logically from Locke's postulates, we reply, that he clearly did no such thing. He grounds the whole fabric of his reasoning upon a *petitio principii*, assuming that the great Arbiter of nature has given us senses for the sole purpose of misleading our judgments, and making us the perpetual sport of unreal phantoms; a conceit which is as preposterously absurd in a moral sense, as his negation of matter was in a physical. If, therefore, the author of the Berkeleyan theories did not *legitimately* deduce his doctrines from the assumptions of Locke, the reader will immediately agree, that it is difficult to imagine, that he could himself have credited the singular paradox which he chose for the display of his logical and rhetorical abilities. When we view a fine landscape, comprehending a beautiful assemblage of rural and domestic objects; when the eye wanders amid the wild desolation which marks the mountain scenery of Savoy, Mount Blanc rearing its summit in awful grandeur in the distance; and whilst contemplating the wide and boundless ocean in storms, we feel within us a conviction, that the Deity could never have designed our senses to have been panders to deception, or vehicles of delusive dreams. We read of a philosopher who refuted the absurd dogma of a person who questioned the reality of motion, by walking before him; and of another who proved the existence of matter, by striking his hand violently against a hard substance. Might we not almost conclude, that a writer who knew how to marshal the objects of the natural world in evidence so well as Berkeley has done in his second dialogue between Hylas and Philonous, (p. 251) in which every corollary furnishes an argument in refutation of his favorite postulates, could never

seriously promulgate such doctrines as those which have chiefly distinguished his character. As collaterally connected with our subject of vision, we shall here, in closing these remarks, cite the passage alluded to; presenting, as it does, in no inferior degree, a specimen of its author's talent in describing scenes of Nature:

"Look!" says the ideal character, whom Berkeley has chosen to disseminate these peculiar opinions, "are not the fields covered with a delightful verdure? Is there not something in the woods and groves, in the rivers and clear springs, that soothes, that delights, that transports the soul? At the prospect of the wide and deep ocean, or some huge mountain whose top is lost in the clouds, or of an old gloomy forest, are not our minds filled with a pleasing horror? Even in rocks and deserts, is there not an agreeable wildness? How sincere a pleasure is it to behold the natural beauties of the earth! To preserve and renew our relish for them, is not the veil of night alternately drawn over her face, and doth she not change her dress with the seasons? How aptly are the elements disposed! What variety and use in the meanest productions of nature! What delicacy, what beauty, what contrivance in animal and vegetable bodies! How exquisitely are all things suited, as well to their particular ends, as to constitute apposite parts of the whole! And while they mutually aid and support, do they not also mutually set off and illustrate each other? Raise now your thoughts from this ball of earth, to all those glorious luminaries that adorn the high arch of heaven. The motion and situation of the planets, are they not admirable for use and order? Were those (miscalled *erratique*) globes ever known to stray in their repeated journeys through the pathless void? Do they not measure areas round the sun ever proportioned to the times? So fixed, so immutable, are the laws by which the unseen Author of Nature actuates the universe. How vivid and radiant is the lustre of the fixed stars! How magnificent and rich that negligent profusion with which they appear to be scattered throughout the whole azure vault! Yet if you take the telescope, it brings into your sight a new host of stars that escape the naked eye. Here they seem contiguous and minute; but, to a nearer view, immense orbs of light, at various distances, far sunk in the abyss of space. Now you must call imagination to your aid. The feeble, narrow, sense, cannot descry innumerable worlds revolving round the central fires; and, in those worlds, the energy of an all-perfect Mind displayed in endless forms. But neither sense nor imagination are big enough to comprehend the boundless extent with all its glittering furniture. Though the laboring mind exert and strain each power to its utmost reach, there still stands out, ungrasped, a surplusage immeasurable. Yet all the vast bodies that compose this mighty frame, how distant and remote soever, are, by some secret mechanism, some divine art and force, linked in a mutual dependence and intercourse with each other, even with this earth, which has almost slipped from my thought, and lost in the crowd of worlds. Is not the whole system immense, beautiful, glorious, beyond expression, and beyond thought?"

In this rapid survey, worthy of the pen of Addison, the author is at pains to enumerate proofs, which essentially designate the faculty of vision to be, as the youth upon whom the celebrated operation was performed by Cheselden expressed it, a LYING SENSE. But we have sufficiently dwelt upon the injustice of classing Locke with those commentators who choose to foist (upon his authority) error and absurdity upon mankind; and we, therefore, here close our remarks.

ALCIPHRON.

TO A LADY,

WHO REQUESTED SOME VERSES ON THE BIRTH OF HER SISTER'S FIRST-BORN CHILD.

BY G. DYER,

Author of "POETICS," "HISTORY OF CAMBRIDGE," &c.

[The following Poem, it will be seen, is the production of a gentleman extremely well known in the literary world. It was written some time since, and a few copies of it were distributed amongst the author's private friends, but it has never been published.]

DANZELL, right wel ye wot (1), that I of yore (2)
 Forlorne (2) the hilles, and plaines, and silver springes,
 And oaten pipe, a fon (3) at tuneful lore,
 And now am close (4)—ypent o'er auncient thinges;
 (Eld (5) that mought michel muse, is slowe to sing)
 Stil ye, as in dispite, persyste to saie,
 My sister's newe-born sonne fit subject bringes:
 Colin, be once againe, as whilome gaie,
 The litell frenne (6) is come, and claymes your roundelaie.

Heare tho' (7) my roundelaie; or rather heare
 What youthly I heard by browne Sibyl sung,
 Beside an impe (8), y-rock'd by moder deare;
 Whyles I, as fix'd by spel, y-wondring hung,
 To weet (9) what wysdome flow'd from beldame's (10) tongue.
 The powers of hearbes shee couth, (11) als (12) fortunes told;
 And nowe fro (13) meddled (13) hearbes shee juices prest
 In mazer (14) mirke and brade; and eke (15) shee roll'd
 Upwardes her blacke bold eyen, as with Heav'n's counsels blest.

The juices meynt, (16) she ever and anon
 Into them dipt her finger, and, eche time
 With fixt arch eie prophetic gazing on,
 Touch'd that Impe's face, redding (17) a charmed rime---
 "---With Genius rath, (18) but ne too hie to climbe---
 With so moche riches, as a wight mought crave---
 With wizzards (19) lear, (19) but moe (20) of motherr (21) Sense---
 With so much beautie, as a man neede have---
 And witt, that ne can give no honest heart offence."

"---A warrefare brave, but ne (22) in bloodie field---
 (In vallie lowlie lyves lyfe's lustie (23) tree)
 ---Caution to warre with daunger, dreed (24) to yelde---
 ---In Love's sweet Faerie-Lond awhyle to bee---
 Tho (25) gang to Hymen's court with buxom (26) glee:
 Lo! in the welkin (27) bryghte a bickering (28) cloud;
 Joyaunce (29) aye (30) linckt (31) with bale (31) plesaunce with payne;
 Musyc mote han its notes both lowe and lowde;
 And Lyfe is an excheat (32) and Death to all gives shrowd." (33)

- (1) Know. (2) Long since forsook. (3) Fool. (4) Close confined over.
 (5) Age, or old age. (6) Stranger. (7) Then. (8) Child, or babe. (9) To think.
 (10) Dame's. (11) Knew. (12) Also. (13) From mixt.
 (14) A basket or bowl, dirty and broad. (15) Also. (16) Being mixt. (17) Uttering.
 (18) Early. (19) Wise-man's learning. (20) More. (21) Native, common sense.
 (22) Not. (23) Vigorous. (24) Fear. (25) Then go. (26) Yielding.
 (27) Sky. (28) Quivering, or moving backwards and forwards. (29) Joy.
 (30) Always. (31) Linked with sorrow. (32) Or escheat, a law-term; it means
 lands, or goods, and profits of any kind, that fall to a lord within his manor by forfeiture.
 (33) Shelter.

The louting (1) revrendly with matron grace,
 Shee took the gentle parent by the hond (2);
 And castyng (3) with prophetic eyne (4) her face,
 Sain'd mystic (5) meanings, but in language blond :---
 Thilke (6) impe ben true-love's gage (7), if ryghte I trace:
 Heart linckt with heart, and mind with mind agree:—
 Lyfe is a traveil (8): keepe peregall (9) pace;
 Thus your true-lover's knott entrayled (10) bee,
 Wyles I a priestesse stond, and againe marrie yee.

“ And take this ring, fro faerie lond ybrought;
 And it so charmed been, as fewe may tel;
 Your finger ring (11) with ilk, ne less your thought;
 Use it ne wrong, and ilk wil use yo wel:
 Heales deadly bale, I weet (12); and sooth (13) can quel
 That inborn feend (14); sprights (15) it can putt to flyghte,
 The caytiffs (16) of this world, and broode of hell;
 Y-spredds in dungeon dark a cheary lyght;
 And into distant dayes deigns (17) straunge seraphic sight.

“ I drem'd a dreme---oh! sweete dame, what a dreme!
 Beares, gryfons, tygers, lyons, rampant soche (18)
 In forme; with foregn blood yet swelt, they seme
 Bursting amaine (19), and I ywonder'd moche (20);
 Yet moe (21), to see them live, as by some touch
 Of Demogorgon (22), and for fyghte up-spring;
 And they wil fyghten; wo (23) worth (23) each one's clutch!
 Ne heede hem, dame; I plyghte me by thilke ring,
 Soche (24) fyghtes (24) shall ne'er your Impe into no daunger bring.

“ On a blacke mountain's side a Dragon drere (25)
 His long long length yspredd; dreadful to see!
 To warre no needes beseme him to requere (26);
 Yet cause and umpire of that warre was hee;
 And he itt kent (27), I wot, with ravenous glee,
 And held in clutch a globe, ywrought with gold,
 Which salvage beastes eied mochil greedilee:---
 There the world's valour, sweet dame, ye behold:
 That prize been theirs; long live your Impe for virtue bold.”

Lady, yf my song flows not as of yore,
 Know, Colin, now nis (28) Colin never more;
 He mote (29) ne, con ne (30), pipe, as heretofore:
 Weleaway (31)! leave seely (32) olde man, to muse on auncient lore.

- (1) Then bowing. (2) Hand. (3) Trying. (4) Eye. (5) Said mysterious.
 (6) This child be, or is. (7) Pledge. (8) Travail, journey. (9) Equal, even.
 (10) Twisted. (11) Encircle. (12) Know. (13) In truth, or truly. (14) Original
 sin, called by some the sin of being born. (15) Spirits. (16) Villains.
 (17) Vouchsafes, gives. (18) Such. (19) With vehemence, or violence.
 (20) Much. (21) More.
 (22) And the dreaded name
 Of Demogorgon. *Paradise Lost*, b. xi. 964.
 (23) Cursed is. (24) Such fights. (25) Dreadful. (26) Require. (27) Saw.
 (28) Is not. (29) Must not. (30) Cannot. (31) Alas. (32) Simple.

COLLECTANEA.—No. III.

"It is desirable, and indeed is necessary, to intellectual health, that the mind should be recreated and refreshed with a variety in our studies."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

38. COACHES, WHEN FIRST USED IN ENGLAND. Coaches were first used in England in Richard the Second's time, under the name of Whirlcotes. What sort our own then were in point of elegance, is not easily ascertained; but in Germany, we are told, about the same period, they were "ugley vehicles, made of four clumsy boards;" of them, as late as 1618, John Sigismina, the Elector of Brandenburg, when he went to Warsaw to do homage to the Duchy of Warsaw, had thirty-six in his train, each drawn by six horses. Our hackney coaches are so called from the French word *haquenée*, a common horse, for all purposes of riding.

39. THE ROYAL TOUCH. Alfred, Abbot of Rivaulx, informs us, that six men, totally blind, were restored to perfect sight by Edward the Confessor.

There was much sympathy between the royal hand and the part touched, so much, that on the very day and hour of Charles the First's execution, the sores of a woman who had been healed by him broke out afresh, though she lived at a great distance from London, and was ignorant of his death. It does not appear that any of our princes since Queen Anne, have pretended to this miraculous gift. Those who wish to know more on the subject, may find most ample details in three works by John Brown, Chyrurgeon to Charles II. 1. *Adenochiradelogia*. 2. *Charadelogia*. 3. *Charisma Basilicon*. How much this foolery was then in vogue, we may learn from the registers kept by Mr. Thomas Dunkley, Keeper of the Closet belonging to the Chapel Royal, from 1667, to 1682. The number of persons touched, amounted to 92,107!!

40. THE LAST WITCH BURNT IN SCOTLAND, met her fate with great firmness, in the year 1722. She was condemned by the sheriff depute of Sutherlandshire; one of a class of men, who, on many occasions, exercised, without control, a species of authority, now happily unknown in any part of the United Kingdom. The old woman, among other crimes, was accused of having ridden upon her own daughter, transformed into a pony, and shod by the devil, which made the girl ever after lame, both in hands and feet, a misfortune entailed upon her son, who was alive of late years. The poor creature was executed at Dornoch; and it is said, that after being brought out to execution, the weather proving very severe, she sat composedly warming herself by the fire prepared to consume her, while the other instruments of death were making ready.

41. CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD KNOWN TO PLATO. This is, I think, sufficiently established by the following passage from his *Timæus*: "But they (the gods) established the heart, which is both the fountain of the veins and of the blood, which is vehemently impelled through all the members of the body, in a *circular progression*," &c. P. 519, Taylor's Translation, 8vo, ed.

42. LORD HASTINGS A PENSIONER OF LOUIS XI. This traitor had the mean cunning to avoid giving a receipt for the pension he received from the French Court. "This present," he said to the King's agent, "comes from your master's good pleasure, and not at my request; and

if you mean I should receive it, you may put it here into my sleeve, but you shall have no discharge from me; for I will not have it said, that the Great Chamberlain of England, is a pensioner of the King of France, nor have my name appear in the books of the *Chambre des Comptes*." *Hallam's Middle Ages*, vol. i. p. 123. note *.

It is in Sheridan's *Duenna*, that there is a similar incident of a friar, which has often been considered too broad a satire, but we see it might have been copied from the actual conduct of an English peer.

33. A POETICAL LOVER. William Hamilton, of Bangour, was a desperate lover—in verse. A Scotch lady, whom he treated with his addresses, applied to Home, the author of *Douglas*, for advice how to get rid of them. Home advised her to affect to favor his assiduities. She did so, and— they were immediately withdrawn. Shenstone was an inamorato of the same species; he might have had his *Phyllis*, whenever he chose to ask for her.

44. HOW TO KNOW A QUAKER WHEN SWIMMING. Matthew Green, though he wrote a poem with a hypochondriacal title, "*The Spleen*," was a facetious fellow, as the following anecdote will testify. "One day his friend Sylvanus Bevan complained to him, that while he was bathing in the river, he had been saluted by a waterman, with the cry of a Quaker Quirl, and wondered how he should have been known to be a Quaker without his clothes." Green replied, "By your swimming against the stream." *Campbell's Specimens*, vol. v., p. 49.

45. EGYPTIAN MARINE. The Ptolemies kept up a formidable marine in the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, to protect the Egyptian merchants. Theocritus affirms they had 97 first-rate ships, several of which were 200 feet long, besides a multitude of smaller vessels, and 4000 barks to bear orders throughout the empire. Under the reign of the Fourth Ptolemy were built vessels of so enormous a size, that they have never since been equalled. Plutarch describes one of his vessels with 40 benches of rowers, 373 feet long, and 64 feet high at the poop. This enormous ship, by the side of which our three-deckers would seem small frigates, contained 400 sailors to work her, 4000 rowers, and about 3000 fighting men.—See *Savary's Letters on Egypt*.

46. CPIOUSNESS OF THE ARABIC TONGUE. According to Firouza-badi, an Arabian lexicographer, the Arabic language contains 1000 words to designate a camel and a lion, and 500 to express a sword. This abundance of synonymes (arising from the multitude of tribes which comprised the Arab nation) is not altogether unexampled in modern languages: the Laplanders have 30 words to designate a rein-deer; the French have more than 50 for a ship, with relation to its size, shape, and the purpose for which it is employed; the Germans have 100 words, and the French 50, to express a horse.

47. RESPIRATION OF THE TORTOISE. Few animals are able to live for any time when plunged under oil. Even those that can resist the vacuum of an air-pump, or which revive after being drowned in water, never revive if they have been kept for some time under oil. The leech alone is capable of remaining for some hours under oil with impunity. It appears from the experiments of Carradori (*Ann. de Chim et de Phys.* v. 94), that the land tortoise possesses the same remarkable quality. He kept one under oil for six hours. When he appeared dead, he was taken out and exposed to the air, and recovered. The same tortoise lived under oil for 24 hours. On being taken out he vomited a considerable quantity of oil; but died. Another tortoise lived 33 hours under oil; but was dead in 36 hours.

48. WATER PROVED TO BE COMPRESSIBLE. Mr. Jacob Perkins relates (see the Royal Inst. Journal, vol. x., p. 399), that he has contrived an instrument, which he calls a Piezometer; and that by filling this with water, and placing it in an hydraulic pressure of 326 atmospheres, he had succeeded in increasing its density 35 per cent.—*Parkes's Chemical Catechism*, p. 90, note b. 11th ed.

I am surprised that Mr. Parkes omitted to mention the successful experiments made between the years 1777, and 1779, by a German philosopher, of the name of Abich, who not only satisfactorily proved the compressibility of water and other fluids, but also ascertained the quantity of the compression. The particulars of M. Abich's various experiments, are to be found in "*Traité de l'Elasticité de l'Eau*," &c. by Dr. Zimmerman, published at Amsterdam, in 1782. M. Abich constructed a brass cylinder of one inch and a quarter in thickness; and which was found to resist, effectually, the immense power employed in compressing the several fluids with which it was successively filled. The different degrees of compression were produced by means either of a screw, or of a long lever, to which different weights were successively appended; and the quantity of the compression was ascertained by the contraction of water in bulk, as indicated by the descent of the piston; means having been taken to shew in the most satisfactory manner, that no change of dimensions in the cylinder had taken place. From one of the most successful of these experiments, it appears, that $26\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches of water visibly lost by pressure no less than 1 cubic inch and $\frac{1}{4}$, a diminution in the bulk of the whole volume nearly equal to the 1-24th part.

49. LAWYERS IN CHINA. No attornies are authorized by law in China; those self-constituted, are thus defined and described by a Chinese classic writer: "Villainous and perverse vagabonds, who are fond of making a stir, and who, either by fraudulent and crafty schemes, excite discord; or by disorderly and illegal proceedings, intimidate and impose upon people!"

50. COMETS. According to Bodin, comets are spirits, which have lived on the earth innumerable ages, and being at last arrived at the confines of death, are recalled to the firmament like shining stars. See his *Theatro Natura*, lib. ii. p. 221.

The head of the comet of 1811, according to some curious and elaborate calculations of M. Schröter, measured in diameter 2,052,000 geographical miles; and the tail in length, he says, was 131,852,000 geographical miles. See *Annals of Philosophy*, June, 1818, p. 465.

51. ADULTERY. "In Gombroon, if a woman shall be discovered to have committed adultery, the husband of that woman is obliged to pay a fine to the governor, if able; if not, the wife is taken from him by the officers of justice, and sent to a common stew; there to remain, till she has, by a repetition of the same offence, earned as much money as will discharge the fine; after this, she is returned to her husband again, who may keep her or not, as he thinks proper." *Ives's Voyage from England to India*, &c. p. 219.

W.

OLD ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.

No. III.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

THIS very excellent play is the production of Thomas Heywood, who, according to his own account, given in the preface of it, had "an entire hand, or, at least, a main finger," in no fewer than *two hundred and twenty plays*. He was himself a player—"a hireling," as those were termed who received a salary for their performance, and not a share of the profits. Little is known of his history, and but few of his plays have come down to us; but those we have bear ample testimony to the superiority of his genius, and prove him to have been a worthy compeer of his better known contemporary—Shakspeare.

The English Traveller was published in the year 1633, and is, perhaps, one of the author's best productions. The story of it turns chiefly upon the fortunes of young Geraldine, who, in early life, was upon terms of close intimacy with a young lady, to whom "it was once voic'd" that he was to be married. During the absence of young Geraldine upon his travels, this lady consents to become the wife of a very worthy old gentleman, a friend of young Geraldine, named Wincott. After some years' absence, the traveller is most kindly welcomed upon his return, and by no one more so than by old Wincott, who being childless himself, treats Geraldine as his son, is delighted with his account of foreign countries, and invites him to

"Think this your home, free as your father's house,
And to command it as the master on't."

Thus caressed and intreated, Geraldine becomes a constant inmate of Wincott's house, and the play opens with his introducing there his friend Dalavall, a gentleman and a scholar. The following scene, which occurs early in the play, shows what chaste and beautiful simplicity adorns Heywood's dramas. Geraldine remarks to Wincott's wife, "We now are left alone:" she answers,

Why say we be, who should be jealous of us?
This is not first of many hundred nights
That we two have been in private; from the first
Of our acquaintance, when our tongues but clipp'd
Our mother tongue, and could not speak it plain,
We knew each other; as in stature, so
Increas'd our sweet society; since your travel,
And my late marriage, through my husband's love,
Mid-night hath been as mid-day, and my bed chamber
As free to you, as your own father's house,
And you as welcome to it.

Y. GER. I must confess
It is in you most noble courtesy;
In him a more than common confidence,
And in this age can scarce find precedent.

WIFE. Most true—it is withal an argument
That both our virtues are so deep impress'd
In his good thoughts, he knows we cannot err.

Y. GER. A villain were he to deceive such trust,
Or (were there one) a much worse character.

WIFE. And she no less, whom either beauty, youth,
Time, place, or opportunity, could tempt
To injure such a husband.

Y. GER. You deserve
Even for his sake to be for ever young;
And he for yours, to have his youth renew'd,
So mutual is your true conjugal love.
Yet had the fates so pleas'd —

WIFE. I know your meaning,
It was once voic'd, that we two should have match'd;
The world so thought, and many tongues so spake;
But heav'n hath now dispos'd us otherwise;
And being as it is (a thing in me
Which I protest was never wish'd nor sought)
Now done, I not repent it.

Y. GER. In those times,
Of all the treasures of my hopes and love
You were th' exchequer, they were stor'd in you;
And had not my unfortunate travel cross'd them,
They had been here reserved still.

WIFE. Troth they had,
I should have been your trusty treasurer.

Y. GER. However, let us love still, I intreat;
That, neighbourhood and breeding will allow;
So much the laws divine and human both,
'Twixt brother and a sister will approve;
Heav'n then forbid, that they should limit us,
Wish well to one another.

WIFE. If they should not,
We might proclaim they were not charitable,
Which were a deadly sin but to conceive.

Y. GER. Will you resolve me one thing?

WIFE. As to one,
That in my bosom hath a second place
Next my dear husband.

Y. GER. That's the thing I crave,
And only that: to have a place next him.

WIFE. Presume on that already; but perhaps
You mean to stretch it farther.

Y. GER. Only thus far;
Your husband's old, to whom my soul doth wish
A Nestor's age; so much he merits from me:
Yet if (as truth and nature daily teach,
Men cannot always live, especially
Such as are old and crazed) he be call'd hence,
Fairly, in full maturity of time,
And we two be reserved to after-life,
Will you confer your widowhood on me?

WIFE. You ask the thing I was about to beg;
Your tongue hath spoke mine own thoughts.

Y. GER. Vow to that.

WIFE. As I hope mercy.

Y. GER. 'Tis enough; that word
Alone instates me happy; now, so please you,
We will divide; you to your private chamber,
I to find out my friend.

WIFE. Nay, Master Geraldine,
One ceremony rests yet unperform'd;
My vow is pass'd, your oath must next proceed;

And as you covet to be sure of me,
Of you I would be certain.

Y. GER. Make ye doubt?

WIFE. No doubt, but love's still jealous, and in that
To be excus'd; you then swear by heaven,
And as in all future acts you hope
To thrive and prosper; as the day may yield
Comfort, or the night rest; as you would keep
Entire the honor of your father's house;
And free your name from scandal and reproach,
By all the goodness that you hope to enjoy,
Or ill to shun——

Y. GER. You charge me deeply, lady.

WIFE. Till that day come, you shall reserve yourself
A single man; converse, nor company,
With any woman; contract, nor combine,
With maid or widow; which expected hour
As I do wish not haste; so when it happens,
It shall not come unwelcome; you hear all;
Vow this.

Y. GER. By all that you have said, I swear,
And by this kiss confirm.

WIFE. You're now my brother;
But then my second husband.

In Wincott's house there resides Prudentilla, a sister of his wife; and Dalavall, under pretence of an affection to this young lady, but, in truth, to aid a passion he conceives for Mrs. Wincott, contrives to instate himself as one of the family. The presence of young Geraldine is of course a great obstacle in the way of his unhallowed attachment, and he therefore contrives to insinuate into the mind of old Geraldine, that his son's visits to Wincott's house were in furtherance of an illicit connection already subsisting between young Geraldine and Mrs. Wincott. The scene between Dalavall and old Geraldine is most admirable, and may be fairly put in competition with the best managed scenes of duplicity in our language. Dalavall thus commences:

Worthy sir,
I cannot but approve your happiness
To be the father of so brave a son,
So every way accomplish'd and made up,
In which my voice is least; for I, alas!
Bear but a mean part in the common choir,
When with much louder accents of his praise,
So all the world reports him.

OLD GER. Thank my stars,
They have lent me one who, as life always was,
And is my present joy, if their aspect
Be no ways to our goods malevolent,
May be my future comfort.

DAL. Yet must I hold him happy above others,
As one that solely to himself enjoys
What many others aim at, but in vain.

OLD GER. How mean you that?

DAL. So beautiful a mistress!

OLD GER. A mistress, said you?

DAL. Yes, sir, or a friend,
Whether you please to style her.

OLD GER. Mistress ! Friend !
Pray be more open languag'd.

DAL. And, indeed,
Who can blame him to absent himself from home,
And make his father's house but as a grange,
For beauty so attractive ? Or blame her
Hugging so weak an old man in her arms
To make a new choice, of an equal youth
Being in him so perfect ? Yet, in truth,
I think they both are honest.

OLD GER. You have, sir,
Possess'd me with strange fancies.

DAL. For my part,
How can I love the person of your son,
And not his reputation ? His repair
So often to the house is voic'd by all,
And frequent in the mouths of the whole country ;
Some, equally addicted, praise his happiness ;
But others, more censorious and austere,
Blame and reprove a course so dissolute ;
Each one, in general, pity the good man
As one unfriendly dealt with, yet in my conscience
I think them truly honest.

OLD GER. 'Tis suspicious !

DAL. True, sir, at best---but what when scandalous tongues
Will make the worst ? And what good in itself
Sully and stain by fabulous mis-report ?
For let men live as chary as they can,
Their lives are often question'd ; then no wonder
If such as give occasion for suspicion,
Be subject to this scandal. What I speak
Is as a noble friend unto your son,
And therefore, as I glory in his fame,
I suffer in his wrong ; for as I live,
I think they both are honest.

OLD GER. Howsoever, I wish them so.

DAL. Some course might be devis'd
To stop this clamour ere it grow too rank,
Lest that which yet but inconvenience seems,
May turn to greater mischief. This I speak
In zeal to both, in sovereign care of him
As of a friend, and tender of her honor,
As one to whom I hope to be allied
By marriage with her sister.

OLD GER. I much thank you,
For you have clearly given me light of that
Till now I never dreamt on.

DAL. 'Tis my love,
And therefore I entreat make not me
To be the first reporter.

OLD GER. You have done
The office of a noble gentleman,
And shall not be so injur'd.

The father, thus awakened, as he imagines, takes the first opportunity of charging his son with his breach of old Wincott's hospitality. The son justifies himself warmly ; we have not room for the whole scene, which is very good, but the following is an extract from young Geraldine's protestation of innocence.

There's but one fire from which this smoke may grow,
 Namely, the unmatch'd yoke of youth; and
 In which if ever I occasion was
 Of the smallest breach, the greatest implacable mischief
 Adultery can threaten, fall on me!
 Of you may I be disown'd a son,
 And unto heav'n a servant! For that lady,
 As she is Beauty's mirror, so I hold her
 For Chastity's example. From her tongue
 Never came language that arriv'd my ear,
 That even censorious Cato, liv'd he now,
 Could misinterpret; never from her lips
 Came unchaste kiss, or from her constant eye
 Look savouring of immodesty.

The result is, that for precaution's sake, and to put rumour to silence, the old man exacts from his son a promise, that he will henceforth abstain from his visits. Dalavall thus obtains his end, and in time insinuates himself into the wife's affections, and completes his own villany, and her disgrace.

Old Wincott being ignorant of the cause of young Geraldine's absence, soon becomes uneasy and surprised, and of course Dalavall never hints at the real reason. The old man's conduct and uneasiness are thus described:

The good old man doth never sit to meat,
 But next his giving thanks, he speaks of you;
 There's scarce a bit that he at table tastes
 That can digest without a Geraldine;
 You are in his mouth so frequent; he and she
 Both wondering what distaste from one or either
 So suddenly should alienate a guest
 To them so dearly welcome.

After some time, Wincott dispatches a letter to young Geraldine, inviting him to renew his visits, and the latter in consequence appoints a meeting with him secretly, by night, in order that his father may not know of it. At the appointed time he proceeds to Wincott's house, where the old man receives him alone most joyfully. The scene of their meeting is an extremely beautiful one, but too long for us to extract. The honesty—the kind heartedness—the devoted and trusty friendship of the old man, and the openness, candour, and truth of young Geraldine, are portrayed most naturally. The latter explains the cause of his absence without concealment or evasion, and the old man protests the most thorough conviction of the honesty of his friend, and the truth of his wife. At parting, he exclaims:

————— howsoever,
 Let's not be strange in writing; that way daily
 We may confer without the least suspect,
 In spite of all such base calumnious tongues;
 So now good night, sweet friend.

The old man has scarcely departed, when Geraldine over hears the wife and Dalavall in conversation; he approaches, and the fatal secret is disclosed; their conversation is of such a character, as to leave no doubt of the nature of their intimacy. He immediately quits

the house, and stung to the heart by the falsehood and guilt of his two friends, determines to resume his travels, and hide his inquietude in foreign countries. Old Wincott, who is extremely grieved at his departure, but remains ignorant of the cause, gives him a farewell entertainment, at which he of course meets the wife, and as soon as they are alone, the following scene takes place between them :

WIFE. You are sad, sir.

Y. GER. I know no cause.

WIFE. Then can I show you some :

Who would be otherwise to leave a father

So careful and each way so provident ?

To leave so many and such worthy friends ?

To abandon your own country ? These are some :

Nor do I think you can be much the merrier

For my sake.

Y. GER. Now your tongue speaks oracles ;

For all the rest are nothing : 'tis for you,

Only for you I cannot.

WIFE. So I thought :

Why then have you been all this while so strange ?

Why will you travel ? suing a divorce

Betwixt us of love inseparable ;

For here shall I be left as desolate

Unto a frozen, almost widowed bed ;

Warm'd only in that future, stor'd in you ;

For who can in your absence comfort me ?

Y. GER. (Aside.) Shall my oppressed sufferance yet break forth
Into impatience, or endure her more ?

WIFE. But since by no persuasion, no entreats,

Your settled obstinacy can be sway'd ;

Though you seem desperate of your own dear life,

Have care of mine, for it exists in you.

Oh, sir, should you miscarry, I were lost,---

Lost and forsaken ; then by our past vows,

And by this hand once given me, by these tears,

Which are but springs begetting greater flood,

I do beseech thee, my dear Geraldine,

Look to thy safety, and preserve thy health ;

Have care into what company you fall ;

Travel not late, and cross no dangerous seas ;

For till heaven bless me in thy safe return,

How will this poor heart suffer !

Y. GER. (Aside.) I had thought

Long since the Syrens had been all destroy'd,

But one of them I find survives in her :

She almost makes me question what I know,

An heretic unto my own belief.

Oh ! thou seducer !

WIFE. What, no answer ?

Y. GER. Yes, thou hast spoke to me in showers,

I will reply in thunder ! Thou aduress !

Thou hast more poison in thee than the serpent,

Who was the first that did corrupt thy sex,

The devil.

WIFE. To whom speaks the man ?

Y. GER. To thee,

Falsest of all that ever man term'd fair !

Hath impudence so steel'd thy smooth soft skin

It cannot blush ? Or sin so obdur'd thy heart

It doth not quake and tremble? Search thy conscience,
There thou shalt find a thousand clam'rous tongues
To speak as loud as mine doth.

WIFE. Save from your's,
I here no noise at all.

Y. GER. I will play the doctor,
To open thy deaf ears. Monday, the ninth
Of the last month, canst thou remember that?
That night more black in thy abhorred sin,
Than in the gloomy darkness? that the time.

WIFE. Monday?

Y. GER. Would'st thou the place know? Thy polluted chamber,
So often witness of my sinless vows.
Would'st thou the person? One not worthy name;
Yet to torment thy guilty soul the more,
I'll tell him thee, that monster Dalavall.

— — — — — Midnight the hour!

The very words you spake? *Now what would Geraldine*
Say, if he saw us here? To which was answer'd,
Tush! he's a coxcomb, fit to be so fool'd.

No blush! What, no faint fever on thee yet?
How have thy black sins changed thee! Thou Medusa!
Those hairs that late appear'd like golden wires,
Now crawl with snakes and adders. Thou art ugly!

WIFE. And yet my glass, till now, ne'er told me so:
Who gave you this intelligence?

Y. GER. Only He
That pitying such innocence as mine,
Should by two such delinquents be betray'd,
He brought me to the place by miracle,
And made me an ear-witness to all this.

WIFE. I am undone!

Y. GER. But think what thou hast lost
To forfeit me; I, notwithstanding these,
(So fix'd was my love and unalterable)
I kept this from thy husband; nay, all ears;
With thy transgressions smothering my own wrongs,
In hope of thy repentance.

WIFE. Which begins
Thus low upon my knees.

Y. GER. Tush! bow to heaven,
Which thou hast most offended. I, alas!
(Save in such scarce unheard-of treachery)
Most sinful like thyself. Wherein, oh! wherein
Hath my unspotted and unbounded love
Deserv'd the least of these? Sworn to be made
A slave for term of life, and this for my goodness!
Die; and die soon; acquit me of my oath;
But prithee die repentant; farewell ever!
'Tis thou, and only thou, hast banish'd me
Both from my friends and country.

This powerful appeal produces an instant effect—she swoons and dies heart broken—confessing her guilt to her husband. Dalavall absconds; young Geraldine consents to remain at home; and the play thus ends. To this plot is superadded one which well deserves detail, had we space to give to it; it relates to the riotous behaviour of young Lionel, who takes advantage of his father's absence to lead a life of the most excessive disorder; the father returns suddenly, and then ensues a variety of stratagems on the part of Reignald, the

servant of the young man, in order to deceive the father, and keep him in ignorance of his son's excesses. This Reignald is, indeed, a most admirable "Lying Valet," and the whole affair is extremely well managed. In this play is to be found the passage which gave Cowley his idea of the "naufragium jocularé;" it is too long for extract, although richly meriting notice. The following, which relates to the second plot, and with which we shall conclude, is very much in the style of Shakspeare; it is put into the mouth of an honest old servant of Lionel.

Prank it, do;
Waste; riot and consume; mis-spend your hours
In drunken surfeits; lose your days in sleep,
And burn the nights in revels; drink and drab;
Keep Christmas all year long, and blot lean Lent
Out of the Calendar; all that mass of wealth
Got by my master's sweat and thrifty care,
Havock in prodigal uses; make't all flie;
Pour't down your oily throats, or send it smoking
Out at the tops of chimneys. At his departure
Was it the old man's charge to have his windows
Glisten all night with stars? his modest house
Turn'd to a common stew? his buttery hatch
Now made more common than a tavern bar?

THE STIRRUP-CUP.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE night was one of great inclemency—it snowed and blew violently, when Hans Kirkenbeck departed homewards. His horse stood at the door, and in spite of the entreaties of his friends that he would partake of one goblet more, he disengaged himself from them, and rushed forth into the street. At that moment, a woman was passing—a tall, bony, wrinkled, grizzled, hag, enveloped in a cloak, the hood of which she had drawn over her head. As Hans passed out at the door, he pushed against her: "Out of the way, Hoodekin*!" he exclaimed. She, quickly turning, echoed his words angrily, "Hoodekin! Hoodekin! a merry night to you, Hans Kirkenbeck! the day will come when it would please you mightily to have a hood to cover your aching brow."—"Away with you, hag!" interrupted Hans; and at the same moment, Jacob Geuldtstein, one of his companions, came out from the house, and he also bade her depart in words of no pleasant sound. The woman then became very wroth, and said, "You are well spoken, gentlemen, both of you, and merry, I make no doubt; for you, Jacob, you have a wife, and for her sake, I forgive you; but hark you, Hans Kirkenbeck!" she exclaimed, at the same time extending both her arms within her cloak, "for you! even as I shake off the snow from my withered limbs, flake by flake, even so shall you fall to the earth piece by piece!" Then Hans and his friend became

* This is the name of a familiar spirit, a sort of Puck, so called, because a hoodekin, or little hood, was a part of his usual covering.

more angry with the woman, and drove her away with blows. And Hans mounted his horse, and prepared to depart; but his friend stayed him, insisting that he should at least partake of the stirrup-cup, without which, it would be unfriendly to depart. Hans assented, and Jacob returned to the house to obtain it for him. In a few moments, the cup was presented; Hans seized it quickly, and as quickly drained it at a draught. An open hand waited to receive the goblet from him, he returned it, and was about to put spurs to his steed, when Jacob, issuing from the house, exclaimed to him loudly to stay. "Would you depart with a broken troth? I have brought you the cup," at the same time giving it to him. "I have already tasted it," said Hans, putting it by with his hand.

"Nay," replied Geuldtstein, "that cannot be; did you not see me come from the house this instant?"

"I swear to you, man," rejoined Hans, "that I have ta'en of a cup which even now warmeth me, and whose taste is like bitter almonds."

"Tush," answered Jacob, shaking off the snow which had fallen upon his hair, "this is no night to listen to your jokes, will you pledge me? Aye, or no?"

"To thy health, man!" answered Hans; and the next moment the cup was returned, and Hans was on his road.

The snow had fallen so deep, that the streets resounded not to the tread of his horse, and oftentimes his progress was impeded by ledges, raised by the drifting wind; at length, however, he passed the barrier, and reached the open plain. The snow still fell heavily; the country, as well as he could see, appeared one huge whitened plain, and the line of road could only be discovered by here and there a well-known baiting house, an old cottage, or the bare arms of some long-remembered tree. For several miles his horse went forwards merrily, as if aware that his route was towards home; but the continued beating of the snow, and its great depth, began to exhaust the animal's strength, and somewhat impeded his progress. Hans, however, whom the coldness of the night affected, kept him to his utmost speed by frequent applications of the spur; nor was it the cold alone that rendered Hans uncomfortable, the cups which his companions had pressed upon him began to produce their effect, and he often found himself much mistaken as to the nature of the objects before him. His thoughts too were confused, and the old woman, whom he had treated so scornfully, was ever uppermost in his mind—her maledictions hung upon his memory, nor could he forget that he had tasted of two stirrup-cups; "but that," thought he, "must have been a trick of Jacob Geuldtstein, and yet I saw him come out of the house." Still he went onwards, but his condition became continually worse—racking pains shot across his brow, and the increase of snow, and his own incapacity, rendered it more and more difficult to keep his horse in the right track. The animal had, indeed, often travelled that road before, and Hans depended much upon that circumstance; "he," said Hans, thinking aloud, "he did

not—see this old woman—eh?—that is not it—take two stirrup-cups I mean—no! he did not take two stirrup-cups, thank God!" Still onwards they went—still the condition of the master became worse, and the labor of the horse greater—a cold stupor and numbness gradually seized upon Hans's faculties, from which he was only at intervals aroused by the most acute and distressing pains in his forehead.

"We should be near home, now, I think," said he, patting his horse's neck, just after he had been awakened to some sense of his situation by a sudden twinge—"we should be near home now," and the next moment his horse's fore feet dashed through some ice into water, and the animal made a sudden pause. Hans was again aroused—the situation of the country, as far as the falling snow would allow him to judge of it, seemed to indicate that they were upon the banks of a river, which, although covered with snow, was not sufficiently frozen to permit the horse to cross. That they had wandered from the right road was certain, for there was no river within many miles of Hans's residence; but how to regain the lost track was more than enough to baffle the wit of the half frozen rider. He turned his horse back—in vain he endeavoured to discover some known object, some house or tree, but all was strange and obscure. "Well," said Hans, "we must go back again then; we must retrace the road we have come." This, however, was no easy task; the continual fall of snow quickly filled up all traces of the horse's feet, or the sudden gusts of wind at once effaced them, and Hans soon found by the unevenness of the ground, that even that hope was lost. Thus baffled, he first guided his horse one way, and then another, until the tired animal seemed to partake of the torpidity of his master, and often refused to answer to the rein. Hans, irritated and alarmed, spurred on the poor beast, who then again flew forward to the evident danger both of himself and his rider; but after some time, and great exertion, they again reached an even road, which Hans imagined to be that along which they had come.

For some time, they went quietly forwards, and Hans again sunk into a stupor, from which, when he was aroused by acute pain, he found his steed had paused at the entrance of a wood to which the road had conducted him. Hans, stupidly angry, began to vent his wrath upon the wretched steed, who no sooner felt the spur, than he rushed forward into the forest. In vain did Hans then endeavour to turn his course—his numbed arms had not strength to restrain the fury which he had himself roused—away the horse dashed with the fury of a cataract, and the beating of the branches of the trees which he had encountered in his course, added continually to his rage.

They had scarcely proceeded a yard, when a bough struck off Hans' hat, and at that moment the recollection flashed across his mind, that the old woman had told him the time would come, when it would please him to have a hood to cover his aching brow. He shuddered to think how exactly the words were fulfilled.

The stupor now gave way, before the blows which he received from the branches, and the dreadful sense of his situation. "Would to God, I had left my money behind me!" he exclaimed, recollecting that he had with him a heavy bag, the produce of some cattle which he had sold. The words had scarcely passed from his lips when a voice, as if at his side, answered in a sneering tone, "You have ever been fond of thy purse—'twere pity you should part now."—The voice came upon Hans' ears as that of the old Hoodekin; and his alarm—his terror—his agitation—were increased ten-fold. In vain Hans strove to check his horse's career—in vain he looked, or rather endeavoured to look, around him to mark from whence the voice came; the thick branches struck him so perpetually, that he was obliged to bend down, even to the horse's neck, in order to preserve his seat. Forward, forward, still he went, with an impetuosity no strength could govern, no hand could restrain; and every moment his situation became more deplorable. The stupor had indeed passed away; but notwithstanding all his exertions, a chill—an icy, death-like coldness, pervaded his veins, and was even more insupportable than the still continued pains across his brow. At one time he endeavoured to soothe his horse into quietness, and at another uttered some ejaculatory prayer, but both were answered with a laugh of derision, which terrified him not less than the recollection of his mis-spent, nay, his abused life, all which came rushing into his mind. Hour after hour passed away, but still the horse proceeded; on, on, he went, and Hans began to hope that a short time would hurry him to the conclusion of his misery, either by death, or by their passing through the forest; but all was vain. The spell-bound horse travelled still onwards, keeping near to the outside of the forest, until he came to the place from whence he first plunged into its depths, and then crossing the road again, he again pursued the same circle. In a short time all the horrors of exhaustion, and a dreadful thirst, succeeded, but there was no help—no consolation—no redress. If he spoke, a mocking voice answered with a sneer, or presented an empty stirrup-cup to his parched lips; his groans, his agonies, were the subject of derision and contempt; every thing within and around him was torture. But why need we pursue this horrible tale? The malediction of the Hoodekin was fulfilled, even to the very letter. Keeping in the circle which he at first traversed, the horse still proceeded, until the poor rider, ever exposed to the cutting strokes of the branches, thus fell to the earth piece by piece; nay, it is even asserted that peasants resident in the neighbourhood have, until lately, seen the skeleton horse and rider, still pursuing their charmed course—still agonized—still tormented. Part of the wealth of Hans Kirkenbeck is said to have been at one time found by a wood-cutter, who wisely brought the same unto the chapel of St. Thomas, by the priests of which, it was exorcised and appropriated to holy uses.

MAURICE PENN.

THE APPEAL.

If 'tis to prove this heart sincere,
And worthy of thy virgin love,
Ask the vow of many a year,
Ere it be register'd above ;
I'll not repine, though far may be
The hour which brings thee back to me.

If thou 'midst worldly pleasures roam,
By all, I'd have thee priz'd---and blest,
'Till time shall find thy heart a home,
Within this fond, confiding breast ;
Then vain will be the doubt,---the fear,
That love can prove a changeling here.

A glitt'ring world before thee lies,
Perhaps 'twill please thee for awhile,
And thou may'st listen to the sighs,
Which flatt'ry yeilds, to gain thy smile ;
Yet blissful as those sounds may seem,
They'll be at best a flitting dream.

They call me fickle,---thou hast heard
My meeting vow,---my parting oath,
And, if thou still canst *doubt* my word,
That might absolve me, love, from both ;
I would not ask the heart that fears
The broken plight of manhood's years.

They doubt my truth,---but turn awhile
To happier moments past with thee,
When all my hopes came with thy smile,
And ask thy tender heart, of me---
It will not sure a traitor prove,
It *cannot*, Ada, doubt my love.

They say, in boyhood's giddy hour,
I fancied love enslaved my mind,
I found it but a fickle power,
That chang'd, and veer'd, with every wind,
I learnt not Love's sincerity,
'Till the sweet lesson came from thee.

Farewell awhile,---perhaps e'en thou
May'st sigh, to find this moment near,
And o'er my fervent,---fondest vow,
Offer one kind relenting tear ;
Then, think when it shall bathe thine eyes,
'Tis the last gift that hope supplies.

C.

THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES OF THE CHINESE AND THE TURKS.

At a moment when the public attention is particularly directed to "the pomps and vanities" with which mankind delight to accompany the committal of the soul's forsaken tenement to its kindred earth, it may not be inappropriate to inquire how far the folly of other nations, in this respect, corresponds with our own. It has been my fortune to witness the funeral ceremonies of two of the most singular people on the earth—two nations the most dissimilar to ourselves—kingdoms, either of which, in point of manners, customs, and religion, may be considered our Antipodes—I mean the Chinese and the Turks. The burials of these two nations not only differ widely from our own, but in many respects from each other, and both have many curious peculiarities highly descriptive of the manners and customs of the people to whom they refer.

During a residence at Canton, I was witness to many funerals; but my attention was more particularly drawn to one, that of an excellent and upright man of considerable wealth and importance, with whom I had many dealings. He had died before my third arrival at Canton, but it is the custom to delay the funeral for a long time, and his body was still unburied. I understood there had been a sort of lying in state, something similar, I presume, to what is still practised in Scotland, where the corpse is dressed out in white, and the female friends of the deceased are admitted to view it. I have been informed, that it is the Chinese custom, upon such occasions, to prostrate themselves before the corpse, which is placed in the coffin, surrounded with flowers and perfumes, but I was never present at any such ceremony. The foreman, or chief servant of my deceased friend, informed me, upon my arrival, that I might be admitted to view the coffin, which was closed, but still uninterred, and as I was desirous of doing so, he appointed to meet me at a certain hour, and we proceeded to the house of the deceased. The room into which I was introduced, was one of considerable dimensions, entirely hung round with white, which is the Chinese color for mourning. In the centre of the apartment was a kind of long table, covered with white, upon which was placed the coffin, also covered with a kind of pall, all white. My companion, after prostrating himself upon the floor, approached the coffin, and withdrew the pall from a part of it, in order that I might observe its neatness of workmanship, and the paintings and gilding with which it was covered. He informed me, that his late master had caused it to be made during his life-time, which is, indeed, the practice of even the poorest Chinese. All contrive to spare a sufficient sum to secure a reputable shelter for their lifeless bodies. In the room were several pedestals, all covered with white, and upon them incense and lights were kept burning. The coffin was placed against the wall, and just above it, a scroll was fastened to the white hangings, upon which were emblazoned the

name and degree of the deceased. The whole appearance was extremely striking, and affected me very powerfully.

After I had been at Canton about a month, the funeral took place. It is the custom of the Chinese to keep dead bodies above ground for a very long time; the rich people delay the funeral even for a year or longer, and are thereby esteemed to afford proof of their respect and reverence for the deceased. My friend was kept nearly two months. Upon the day fixed for the funeral, a great number of the relatives and acquaintances of the deceased assembled at his residence, and were all marshalled in procession as at our English burials. A number of hired musicians, performing slow and melancholy tunes upon a variety of instruments, preceded the corpse, as did also some persons bearing painted scrolls and silken banners, on which were inscriptions indicative of the rank and character of the deceased. Incense bearers followed these, and then, under a white canopy, the coffin covered with a white pall was borne by men. Upon each side of it were persons employed in burning pieces of paper and pasteboard with inscriptions upon them; some circular, and some cut into curious fantastic figures, all which, it is believed, are wafted upwards with the soul, and accompany it in its next state of existence either as coin, bread, or whatever else the inscription denotes. After the corpse, came the relatives of the deceased, all in white clothes, soiled, dirty, and unornamented, and, therefore, descriptive of excessive grief. Some of them howled and exclaimed most vehemently, and every one had a friend on each side to assist him on, and also a servant, bearing over him a huge umbrella with a deep white fringe, which nearly screened the mourner from the public gaze. Some women also followed as mourners, borne in small coaches similar to our sedans, and they were very loud in the expression of their lamentations. After them came a crowd of friends, all walking slowly, and thus the procession closed.

The burying-places of the Chinese are erected in the shape of grottos, without their towns. They are divided into a variety of small cells, in each of which a coffin is laid, and, as soon as the cells are all filled, the sepulchre is closed.

No religious service takes place—the coffin is placed in its receptacle with great solemnity, and then the procession returns.

Funerals in Turkey, which I have observed at Smyrna, are extremely different. Instead of delay, as with the Chinese, the corpse is hurried to the grave within a few hours after dissolution. Instead of the slow step of grief, they go forward hastily, and if the bearers of the body tire, no good Mussulman will refuse to give assistance in a work so holy. There exists a traditional declaration of Mahomet, that whoever bears a dead body forty paces towards the grave, will thereby expiate a great sin, and this opportunity of easy absolution is by some anxiously looked out for. The male relations follow, but there is no weeping—no grief—nature is so far subdued amongst them that not a tear is shed. Alms and prayers are the modes in which a Mahometan displays grief—to repine for the dead, is con-

sidered impious, for the same reason as they inter so speedily, namely, that if the deceased was a good Mussulman he is entitled to happiness, which ought not to be grieved at, nor ought he, by any delay of interment, to be prevented at once attaining the full enjoyment of it; if, on the contrary, he was not a good Mussulman, he does not deserve to be grieved for, and ought at once to be sent from the world.

The body is, in the first instance, carried to a mosque, where religious service is performed, and from thence to the grave, over which a prayer is delivered by a priest.

The planting of cypress trees round the grave is practised, because it is imagined that the state of the dead is denoted by the growth and condition of these trees. They are placed in two lines, one on each side the grave—if only those on the right hand prosper, it denotes happiness, if only those on the left, misery. If all of them succeed, it betokens that the deceased was at once admitted to all the bliss of the houris; if all fail, he is tormented by black angels, until, at some future time, he shall be released from torment at the intercession of the prophet.

VIATOR.

SONNET.

TO THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

PALE flow'r of ev'ning! curious 'tis to see
Thy bosom op'ning at departing day,
When others close their petals, leaving thee
To court the modest moon, and its mild ray:
At early morn thy full blown form is found,
But noon-tide brings thy drooping, dying hour,
Then sinkest thou in death; but night's dull round
Gives life to thy successor's tender flow'r:
So Sorrow shuns the noise of joyous crowds,
And all the glare of Splendour's gaudy day;
Far from the world, in solitude, she shrouds
The form of beauty, mould'ring to decay:
Shrinking from Pleasure's enervating dream,
As those from Phoebus and his golden beam!

J. M. LACY.

ABSENCE.

CAN the heart which adores thee, be happy and gay,
Or the smile of content beam, when thou art away?
Though Spring is returning, it comes not to cheer,
For Winters of Absence still shed their gloom here.
Though the roses may bud, can they bloom in thy breast,
By the jessamine wooed,—by the violet prest?
Ah! no, for that bosom no longer shall prove
The faithful retreat, for the tributes of Love.
Then come not gay spring-time, recalling each scene,
Where joys, and where pleasures (the sweetest), have been,
To that peace early blighted, one promise fulfil,
Give me Winter,—and with it, Life's icicles still.

C.

THE DEATH OF VOLTAIRE.

THE recent dissolution of Talma, and the exclamations he is said to have uttered on his death bed, have recalled the attention of the public to the circumstances under which Voltaire "shuffled off this mortal coil," and it may not be uninteresting shortly to relate them.

Voltaire arrived at Paris in the year 1778, being then in the 83rd year of his age, and on the 16th of March, his tragedy of *Irene* was produced for the first time. On the 30th of March, he attended the theatre, and there, amidst universal plaudits, his bust was crowned with laurels. This was his last appearance in public. His health had for some time been feeble, although his mind retained its full vigour, and he is even said to have occupied himself from six to nine hours a day, with some new literary productions, until a short time before his death. He had accustomed himself to take opium, in order to procure sleep; and the taking too large a dose was one cause of his last illness. Whilst at Paris, he resided in the house of the Marquis of Villette, who no sooner saw that his guest's illness was assuming a fatal character, than he sent for M. Bonnet, Curé of St. Sulpice, to persuade him to conform to the established religion, if it were only that his remains might be interred in the usual manner. Voltaire was in bed; the Curé first asked him, "Do you believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ?" Voltaire instantly interrupting him, replied, "Oh! M. le Curé, if I grant you that article, you will demand if I do not also believe in the Holy Ghost, and so on, until you finish with the Bull *Unigenitus*." The Curé remonstrated, but in vain, and at last retired unsuccessful. In a few hours afterwards, a great change took place, and as death was evidently approaching quickly, the Curé again attempted to induce him to comply. He approached the bed, and laid his hand upon the head of the dying man, when Voltaire suddenly raised his hand, and violently pushed the Curé from him, exclaiming, "I came into the world without a *Bonnet*, and will go out without one; therefore let me die in peace!" These were his last words, he expired a few moments afterwards. This was on the 30th of May, 1778.

Application was made to the Archbishop of Paris, that the rites of Christian burial should be allowed, but in vain; and in the end, his body was carried out of Paris in a coach, *as if living*, and interred privately at Sellières, in Champagne. His heart was extracted and given to the Marquis de Villette, who enclosed it in a golden vase, upon which was inscribed the following line:

"Son esprit est par-tout, mais son cœur est ici."

GENERAL REVIEW.

Ahab, a Poem, in Four Cantos. By S. R. Jackson. London. 1826.

THE poetic throne is vacant. Since the death of Byron, no aspirant has appeared of sufficient ability to awe the public into an acknowledgment of his right to occupy that exalted seat—we have Southey, Moore, Milman, and twenty others; but, alas! we have no Byron. The poem of Ahab is one of high pretension, and of considerable, but very unequal, merit. We have met with few poems lately in which are to be found passages more beautiful or more striking, and yet there are in it so many faults, that, as a whole, candor will not allow us to give it much praise. The story is extremely defective—not only as refers to the delineation of character and the descriptions of passion, but even in the arrangement of the incidents, an excellence much more easily attainable. Some prominent facts are dwelt upon with a minuteness that become tiresome—others are hurried past so swiftly, that it is with difficulty they can be discovered; there is no keeping in the picture—some parts are labored with excessive pains—others, and amongst them many glorious opportunities for display, are lightly, and often indistinctly, sketched. With all these blemishes, we cannot bring ourselves to condemn a poem in which may be found so many fine passages. What, for instance, can be much more powerful than the following allusion of the “pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war?”

War! Thou hast pleasing scenes, thy mix'd array
Is beautiful and bright; thy proud display—
Who can behold, nor feel his heart beat high,
Nor his eyes glisten at thy majesty?
Oh! who unmov'd thy thrilling voice can hear,
That calleth valor forth and quelleth fear;
Oh! who can feel the steed beneath him prance---
Can see the banners in the sun-light dance---
Gaze on the firm-drawn brow, the fiery eye
Of thousands rushing on to win or die---
Then turn him from that stirring scene afar,
And say that nought is beautiful in war?

Or what more descriptive than the following?

'Tis night, and on the dark and desert shore
The winds are blust'ring and the billows roar;
No light is on the ocean, not a gleam,
Faint as the flash seen in a troubled dream,
But wild and dreary look its waters now,
Like Grief's sad impress on the mourner's brow.
And yet in such a gloom-instilling night
The man of lonely mood can find delight,
Can calmly smile, albeit upon his head
Th' unsparing fury of the storm be sped.
Oh! strange it is that man in wayward mood,
Should shun gay mirth and fly to solitude,

And seek mid rugged rocks and deserts drear,
 And scenes where e'en the righteous stoop to fear,
 Joys that to duller bosoms are denied :
 But what are silent scenes to sons of pride ?
 The tame in soul may tremble to behold
 The clouds of heaven their darken'd wombs unfold ;
 Enough for them if on the sluggish tide
 Of life, in one unvaried calm they glide ;
 But the proud hearted, wilder than the wind,
 Leave scenes like theirs with scornfulness behind ;
 Sons of the tempest, loftier in their mood,
 Form'd to enjoy each change from mild to rude,
 No medium knowing, pleas'd with each extreme,
 The storm or calm to them can lovely seem.
 Oh ! it is sweet to climb the lofty rock,
 And view below the elemental shock,
 To watch the dazzling lightning round you play,
 Or wing along the wave its fiery way ;
 To hear the deep and melancholy sound
 Of winds low moaning in the caverns round ;
 The rumbling of the thunder or its crash,
 The noise of waters that beneath you dash :
 And, oh ! 'tis sweet to wile away the hour
 Far from the haunts of men in lonely bower,
 When not a breath is left the leaf to wake,
 And not a ripple trembles on the lake :
 When not a cloud or star is in the sky,
 But all looks vast and blue and beautifully ;
 When eve's cool stillness to the spirit shows
 The sweets of peace, and soothes it to repose,
 And wafts its thoughts above this narrow earth,
 To mark his wond'rous works who gave it birth.

The eye of criticism can even in these two extracts without doubt discover many faults, and trace resemblances to well-known passages of other authors ; but there is in them, nevertheless, a display of no ordinary poetical ability and feeling. The following beautiful passage would do credit to any author ; it is much in the style of Goldsmith.

Oh ! marvel not that faith like this be shewn,
 Though found, too oft, in woman's breast alone ;
 She, gentle creature, e'en to weakness fond,
 Borne by her love all selfish thoughts beyond,
 True to the last, unwearied by distress,
 Soothes with her smiles the bed of bitterness ;
 Clings closest to man's heart when most forlorn,
 The only one that deems it good to mourn.

Extracts of equal beauty might be multiplied ; but all, we fear, are insufficient to atone for the defects of the narrative. Had Mr. Jackson bestowed his pains upon a subject of less pretension, we are satisfied his success would have been greater : it was presumption in him, to say the least of it, to attempt that which even the genius of Milton has removed only one degree from the profane. There are some lighter pieces of poetry introduced into these four cantos, which fully justify our expectations of his success in a humbler walk. With the exception of two or three feeble lines, the following hymn is simple, pleasing, and appropriate.

Mightiest of the Mighty ! thou
 Before whose throne vast nations bow,
 Whose terror-darting eye can see
 The depths of immortality,
 And pierce the dark abodes of man,
 Whose lot thy wisdom deign'd to plan,
 Accept my prayer : to thee belong
 My morning praise---my evening song.
 Before thy breath the ocean wakes,
 Thy voice the cloud of darkness breaks,
 That o'er the brow of morning spreads ;
 And night-chill'd flow'rets lift their heads,
 When shines thy light upon the earth
 Whose opening beauties burst to birth ;
 Thou who art present every where,
 Accept thy servant's humble prayer.

In his preface, Mr. Jackson complains that publishers will not buy his poems, and critics will not review them; and he has even gone out of his way to introduce into the *religious* poem of "Ahab" a vulgar and doggrel attack upon "printers," (*printers*, forsooth!) "critics, and publishers." This is most unwise, ridiculous, and unjust. Publishers are, of course, like all other tradesmen, free to purchase or reject; and "upon what compulsion" are reviewers obliged to take notice of any person's poems? We have given Mr. Jackson our candid opinion of his production; and would honestly, and as friends, advise him to let his next attempt be of a somewhat humbler character—"Ahab" is far beyond his depth.

Travels in Chile and La Plata ; including Accounts respecting the Geography, Geology, Statistics, Government, Finances, Agriculture, Manners and Customs, and the Mining Operations in Chile.
 By John Miers. 2 vols. 8vo. Baldwin : 1826.

If these volumes had been published before the unprincipled loans and mining speculations, by which so many of our fellow-countrymen have been sufferers, were entered into, much good would have ensued, but even now they are highly interesting and important, and contribute a great deal of genuine information, as to the real state of the countries to which they refer. We have not, indeed, seen any book for a long time past, from which more could be gleaned, or in which facts are conveyed in a more plain and unostentatious manner. Miserable, indeed, is the tale they tell—dreadful the picture they present; but there are too many of us interested in knowing the truth, whatever it may be, not to render Mr. Miers' volumes highly acceptable. In our notice of them we shall confine ourselves to the parts most interesting to the general reader; but they contain not a little valuable scientific information.

The first things which astonish us, in the perusal of these volumes, is the extreme dirtiness of the natives, and the manner in which they are accustomed to live, even persons of wealth,—a whole family huddled together in one room, almost destitute of all human comforts.

"It is common," says Mr. Miers, "to see the proprietor of a large vineyard, garden, and pasture ground, a poor and miserable being; his wants are few, and these the climate supplies, and renders little clothing necessary; his habitation consists of a miserable hovel without doors or windows; a raised mud bench, covered with a carpet for his bed, or more generally he sleeps in the open air upon a bare hide, stretched upon the ground within his enclosure. A rough table, two or three chairs, a black bottle or two and a glass, constitute all his furniture; a few earthen dishes and pots comprise all his table and cookery service; his meals are served up in an earthen bowl, out of which all his family eat in common with himself, with their unwashed fingers, and sip broth with the same horn spoon, which is handed from one to the other. A cotton shirt or two, a jacket and short trousers of coarse blue flannel, constitute the whole of his wardrobe; his wife and children live huddled together more like pigs than civilized human beings, and yet this misery is common amidst the utmost abundance that man could desire. Around the miserable hovel is a fine vineyard, abundance of trees which produce olives, figs, peaches, apples, &c. in great profusion, and delightful pasture of rich lucerne grass. His land is stocked with fine horses, cattle, and sheep, all in excellent condition; though but little attended to by him, nature has poured all these gifts upon him, and irrigation performs the rest."

Travellers, of course, cannot expect to procure better accommodation than is enjoyed by the inhabitants themselves, and therefore, the following description of a lodging-house for travellers, within a few miles of Buenos Ayres, will not surprise:—

"There was neither chair, table, nor bed, in this house of accommodation; these things, or any of them, are rarely to be found in the post houses; the only means of keeping off the bare ground, is a kind of bedstead of four short stakes driven into the ground, and four cross sticks lashed with strips of hide as a frame, from which a bullock's hide is stretched. Very few of these places possess a door, but a hide is provided to keep out the weather. Another hut made in the same manner, often not plastered with mud, a mere wattled shed, is commonly attached to these residences, and is used for cooking. I need hardly say, these huts have no windows. Scarcely any are plastered or smoothed at all, but are in the rough state which dabbling on the mud with the hands gives them."

But even these miserable hovels cannot be *enjoyed* in quietness, for we learn that

"The greatest objection to them, at least to Europeans, is the incredible number of fleas, bugs, and still more disgusting vermin. The fleas breed in the very earth; this is no exaggeration; for however many years one of these places may have been unoccupied, there does not appear the least diminution of these vermin. There is no exception; every hut is alike, whether it be inhabited or not: they are never swept out, nor is any filth removed; the ashes from occasional fires made in them, remain from year to year."

But these are not the only tormentors in these *happy* lands; we learn in another place—

"The people here slept in the open air, in preference to the half covered hut; none of them, not even the postmaster, had a bed; no one cast off his clothes; but each stretched out a dried hide upon the bare ground, and laid upon it; a number of saddle cloths were spread thereupon, and they covered themselves with their ponchos. The women slept in the same manner inside the hut, but it is usual for females to sleep in the open air. The wind blew boisterously, so much so, that before we retired to sleep, we could not keep a candle a light in the coach. These huts, like all those in these parts of the country, have no doors. I was for some time at a loss to understand, why these people should thus prefer sleeping exposed to boisterous winds, in the open air, in preference to the shelter of a roof; but on a better acquaintance with the country, the cause became evident. It is owing to the dread of the *benchuca*, a winged variety of the *cimex*; it is in shape and form like the common bug, but of the size of our cockchafer. This insect conceals itself by day in the thatch and cane roofing of the houses, and sallies forth by night in quest of food; the people, therefore, place their beds at some distance from the hut, and always to windward, to avoid their attacks. They annoy mankind after the manner of our common bugs, but from their size, are terrific enemies; they are thin and flat like the common bug, but after satiating themselves with the blood of man, they become quite

round; they take from him as much blood as the ordinary medicinal leach. Cleanliness and care is not of the same avail against the benchuca, as against the common bug, since being winged, it can transport itself from one place to another. It is common over the districts of Mendoza, San Juan, and the more northern provinces. In the town of Mendoza, this insect is very numerous, and one of the reasons why all the roofs are covered over with a plastering of mud, is to prevent a harbour for this enemy to mankind; in Mendoza, the inhabitants, both men and women, generally prefer sleeping in the court yards of their houses, but when they do sleep in doors, it is an undeviating custom before retiring to rest, to examine the walls carefully, as the benchucas generally crawl out of their hiding places in the canes of the roof after dusk."

Even here the catalogue of the miseries of this devoted country does not end. They are tormented by locusts; and Mr. Miers thus describes the effects of one of their visitations:—

"From Canada de Lucas to Cerillo, a distance of more than 200 miles, the locusts actually covered the ground, and it is utterly impossible to conceive the numbers of these rapacious insects; the country, but for them, would have been covered with tall thick grass, but it was now only in isolated patches, almost the whole extent of pasture ground for many hundred of square leagues had been entirely devoured to the very roots, and the bare ground only was visible. All the gardens, consisting of extensive plantations of maize pumpkins, melons and water-melons, beans, and other vegetables, had been completely swept off the surface of the earth, not a vestige of them remained; the hard pith of the maize stalks, like so many bare sticks, only pointed out where extensive gardens had existed; the fruit trees equally fell a prey to the voracity of the insect; not only the fruit was devoured, peaches, apples, plums, oranges, &c. not only was every leaf devoured, but the very bark, more especially of the younger shoots, was completely eaten off. In a morning, when the heavy dews of the night yet remain upon its wings, the locust is unable to fly more than a few yards at a time, and then the ground is covered with them. As we gallop along, we see them hopping aside by thousands to avoid being crushed by the horses' feet; but, by the time the sun has attained its meridian height, we find them incessantly on the wing, and in riding along nothing can be conceived more annoying than the manner in which they fly against the face of the traveller. The force with which they strike is considerable, and unless constantly on the guard to close the eyes, the violence of the blow might produce serious consequences to that delicate organ. I rode one afternoon thirteen leagues, between the Arroyo de San Jose and the Esquina de Medrano, through one uninterrupted flight of locusts; they were flying at a good pace before the wind in a contrary direction to our course, which we rode at the rate of twelve miles an hour. They flew in a thick uninterrupted crowd about twenty feet over our heads, the air appearing as if filled with large flakes of falling snow, but the distance of the level pampas seemed shut in all round with a thick haze which actually darkened the horizon. The myriads and myriads of insects we must have passed on that afternoon are far beyond all calculation. Next morning the ground was covered with them, as before stated, and the day was followed up by an interminable flight of these insects. The town of Cordova was beset with them, the gardens wholly destroyed, and the white-washed walls were hidden by the swarms that covered them. They entered the houses devouring food of all kinds—nothing was free from their voracity. Curtains, clothes, and furniture, were more or less attacked; slaves were employed to sweep them off the walls of the rooms, and frighten them away as much as possible. These insects became so voracious for want of food, before they left the place, that they began devouring each other, and millions were left dead upon the ground."

To these destroyers may be added "the hot hurricanes."

"Whenever these winds blow in Mendoza, every body is seen running into their homes, the doors and windows of every habitation are closely shut, and the inmates light candles as if the night was come. The wind is a perfect hurricane, often doing much mischief to the chacras and orchards, the atmosphere is clouded, with dust and sand raised by the wind; the air feels hot and scorching, like a violent blast from a furnace; in the course of a few minutes, the thermometer has been known to rise twenty degrees; the heat indeed is insufferable, and brings pestilence with it."

We will now turn to the inhabitants of this highly favored country---this El Dorado of our Stock-Exchange schemers.

"Such are the filthy habits of these people, that none of them ever think of washing their faces, and very few ever wash or repair their garments; once put on, they remain in wear day and night until they rot. The poncho is the only article of dress which is ever removed; those who have one, sometimes take it off to cover themselves at night when stretched on the bedstead before described, or on what is by far more common, a hide spread on the ground."

Again we find:—

"The least bodily exertion, except riding on horseback, is avoided as much as possible by the people of this country; they will sit the whole day basking in the sun, or enjoying their favorite amusement, to which the women are particularly partial, that of picking the vermin out of each other's hair. The whole people are, notwithstanding, healthy, robust, muscular, and athletic."

As we proceed we learn:—

"I could discover no regular employment that any of the people here followed; true it is, this was Sunday; but from all I could see, and all I could learn, there was no sort of regular employment. I could not make out from them how they contrived to live. During, by far, the greatest part of the day, the women were basking in the sun, and conferring on each other the mutual favor (for it is their great delight) of picking the vermin from their hair. They were shamefully dirty. Their dress (and the dress of all the women in the country is much the same) consisted of a dark blue coarse baize petticoat of native manufacture, and a sort of shift made of white cotton, which is seldom or never off their backs until it rots off; dirt and grease had made them the color of the ground on which they reposed."

Of the morality of these people, the following is a specimen:—

"It is the custom, throughout South America, and more especially in these united provinces, for every *haciendado* (land-owner) to build upon some central part of his estate, a *pulperia* (liquor shop) and a chapel close together; the latter as the means of drawing custom to the former, which forms no trifling branch of profit. On a feast day, the people within a certain distance repair to the *pulperia*, which is generally provided with two rooms, one for the mere *gauchos*, the other for their betters. Drinking and gaming is carried on without intermission, until the bell announces that the elevation of the host is at hand; in an instant they all rush out of the *pulperia*, leaving the stakes, which are sometimes considerable, on the table, and, with demure faces, kneel before the host, the elevation of which is about to save their souls from damnation; they groan and cry aloud to the Virgin to protect them, and, in their momentary devotion, might be taken by a bye-stander for penitent and sincere Christians. But the moment the service is concluded, they rush out again, and those who have left their stakes undecided, flock back with precipitation to protect their property; in a moment all their religion is forgotten, all are occupied in betting and drunken revelry, in which the friar, who has been the organ in effecting the momentary penitence and sorrow, and has saved their souls from perdition, stands foremost in the general debauch, which is continued till late at night. On these occasions the *pulpero*, or keeper of the *pulperia*, is generally the banker of the gaming tables, in virtue of which privilege he is sure to come off winner if he be ordinarily prudent; and the quantity of liquor drank by the *gauchos*, both inside and outside, affords him a considerable profit."

The following is a curious and characteristic sketch:—

"We stepped into a room filled with people; many were seated round four tables, and those again were surrounded by groupes of bye-standers, who all seemed to take an equal interest in the game. The presence of two foreigners excited no attention, for every one was too deeply occupied in gambling to take notice of any thing else. The presence of an English lady, the third who had ever visited Mendoza, might, it would have been supposed, have called forth some display of curiosity or remark, but it did not; this is characteristic of the people, but with few exceptions, all over South America. This was on a Sunday night, the game was one of hazard called *Monté*, a favorite play in all Spanish societies; there were assembled round the four tables about fifty persons, and

though at each table only one person seemed to play the cards, all around were betting what they pleased upon the cards, as they were turned up by the dealer or banker, who always manages the numerous stakes and bets against the whole company. Each table was covered with heaps of money, many piles of gold onzas (each worth three guineas), numerous others of dollars, and several of smaller money. I was astonished to observe the high bets, and the great quantity of money upon the table; no less than the quick succession of the hazards and the eagerness, as well as quietness, with which all pursued the game. While engaged in contemplating this novel scene, I was surprised to observe, on a sudden, a general and rapid movement of the whole company toward the door, and in an instant to see every individual upon his knees beating his heart and muttering a prayer; we alone remaining behind, lost in amazement at the cause of this mysterious occurrence. After a short and silent pause, the whole company returned with great precipitancy, each scrambling to resume his former place, and to engage himself once more in the amusement that seemed to interest him so deeply. On inquiry, I found this general movement was caused by a *temblor*, a slight shock of an earthquake, to which, as strangers, we were yet insensible, for neither of us experienced the least sensation."

We will sum up the description of these half-civilized *Christians* in the words of Mr. Miers, and are sure nothing can more forcibly deter men from entering into speculations connected with the new states in South America, than a little knowledge of the true character of the inhabitants. We might multiply amusing extracts, but space will not permit us to add any thing to the following:—

"The moral debasement of the population is great beyond belief; it is produced in no small measure by the intolerant system under which they are bred, and is increased by the terror excited by the priests and the tyrannic sway exercised over their understandings: they are taught implicit obedience, intolerable deception, and absurd fanaticism; every good and moral feeling is stifled in the bud; human industry and ingenuity are destroyed, by the belief that a confidence in the Virgin is of more effect in assisting the progress of nature, or in averting the evils and miseries attendant upon our earthly career, than a more rational and manly reliance upon our own muscular and mental exertions over the elements of the material world which has been placed under our immediate control.

"The Chilenos, though they may be said to possess in no degree a single virtue, have the credit of possessing fewer vices than other Creoles; there is a passiveness, an evenness, about them approaching to the Chinese, whom they strongly resemble in many respects: even in their physiognomy they have the broad low forehead and contracted eyes; they have the same cunning, the same egotism, and the same disposition to petty theft. They are remarkable, too, for extreme patience and endurance under privations; they can seldom be moved to passion, and are most provokingly unfeeling. A foreigner may use towards a Chileno the most opprobrious epithets, may convict him of falsehood and deception, may fly into a passion about his conduct, but he cannot be moved from his sang froid, he will bear all patiently, even blows, and look at a stranger with a sneer: his patience is not unlike that of the sheep, the camel, or the lama and alpaca.

"In respect to man and wife, there is a considerable degree of attention displayed by the woman towards her husband: the husband never is known to raise his hand against his wife, it would be an eternal disgrace to him; there is the same evenness of conduct observed between them, but we perceive none of that apparent ardour of affection, that domestic union between the sexes, which is seen in other places. For such a country, they may be considered as tolerably faithful to each other, though this is far from pure constancy. The laws place them so perfectly independent of each other, that they can separate at their pleasure, each upon their own property; or the wife may whenever she pleases retire from her husband, obliging him to give her the moiety of the increase upon their fortunes since their marriage. Among the better classes this is a common case, both enjoying their paramours, or following the course of life best suited to their tastes: this is generally the case in default of children; where there is a large family, they quietly overlook each other's failings. Among the peasantry the same kind of relation exists between man and wife; and though we never see any remarkable affection for their children, there is always a steady care shown towards them, especially towards the females. The mother watches her daughters with an anxious eye, evidently aware of their frailty: no attempt

is made to inculcate any strong principle of virtue in them, or to conceal from them the knowledge of any thing which has a tendency to looseness; and this tends to make them faithless wives. This character is general in all classes of society. I have noticed, among the poorer class, the attention shown by children to their aged parents, who, when unable longer to provide for themselves, are supported with much care and attention. This, however, may proceed as much from obligation as from a sense of real affection, as a law is still in force, by which a young man is obliged to give the half of his earnings to his parents until the period of his marriage, when he becomes released from this obligation: if a peon do not marry till a late period of life, his father is entitled to enforce from his son the moiety of his earnings: yet I have known instances of young men, who, from this cause alone, have left their homes for some distant province, that they might enjoy unmolested the fruits of their labor. Mendicants are very seldom met with in the country. There exists among the peasants toward each other a degree of hospitality that is truly admirable. These may be said to be the only amiable feelings possessed by the common people in Chile.

"The wants of the peasants are very few, and those few are soon and easily satisfied; when they can procure bread, they will almost subsist upon it; when they have it not, they are contented: the same may be said with respect to meat; and, when they have neither bread nor meat, they will as happily enjoy a hodgepodge of beans boiled till they form a thick soup, swimming with tallow, a greasy mess of which they are peculiarly fond of when flavored to their palate with a due admixture of red pepper, garlic, and onions. At their meals they never sit down to table: some few of the better order of peasants it is true use a table, but it is one about eighteen inches diameter and a foot high, just large enough to support the earthen bowl in which their mess is served: round this the whole family squat themselves, some on the stool, some on a saddle cloth rolled up, some on a block of wood, and others with their knees to their chins: a few horn spoons and a single knife are the only implements made use of: forks are not known among them; the same spoon is passed from one person to another in turn; they never sit on chairs, nor do they use plates; all eat out of the same dish without any nicety. Their drink is water, or a little chicha when it is procurable; chicha is a half fermented wine made of grapes or berries; it is handed round in a horn cup, and is supplied from a store preserved in the skin of a goat or lama."

Memoirs of the Public and Private Life of Napoleon Buonaparte, with copious Historical Illustrations, and Original Anecdotes. Translated from the French by W. Hamilton Reid. London. 1826. 8vo.

THIS volume forms an excellent avant-courier to the expected life of Buonaparte by "the author of Waverley." There is in it sufficient to rouse the curiosity, but not one tenth part enough to satisfy it. The greatest fault of the book is the want of private personal information, and a good summing up, as it were, of his whole character. Like all great men, there were many contradictions in the conduct of Napoleon, and no one, who is not extremely skilful, can satisfactorily compress the whole information we are possessed of relative to him.

Those parts of the work which are to be referred to Mr. Reid, deserve great praise for fidelity and perspicuity, but we are not inclined to give much credit to the French originals. The flippancy and emptiness which distinguish French literature, are pre-eminently conspicuous in the works of Messrs. Pancoucke and Segur. Mr. Reid has always done best when he relied upon himself. The plates to the volume are not good, but it merits perusal, and, we have no doubt, will be useful.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

THE DRAMA.—No. IV.

Be just, and fear not.

SHAKSPEARE.

DRURY LANE.

On Monday, December 18.—Mr. Liston commenced his engagement at this theatre in the parts of Mawworm and Lubin Log. No tragedy ever drew more tears than the comicality of Mr. Liston; we have seen more than one of his auditors, especially those inclining to be fat, fairly give up the game, and fling themselves back on the seats, in defiance of the strait-laced decorum of a dress-circle, with overflowing eyes, and faces that actually prayed him to be quiet, and not quite suffocate them with laughter. His Lubin Log is one of those finished efforts which cannot be too often seen, or too highly valued.

Wednesday, December 27.—A dull tedious production, from the pen of Mr. Richard Ryan, entitled *The Murdered Guest*, was produced this evening, and after being twice repeated, has been consigned "to the tomb of all the Capulets." Of the performers in this piece it would be ungracious to say much; they seemed to feel the want of scope for their talent, and to sink under the inanity of the production. Mr. Edwin, in the part of a Yorkshire inn-keeper, exerted himself to the utmost; but the character, repulsive in itself, derived no claim to our approbation by strength of delineation.

Monday, January 8.—Mr. Kean made his first appearance this evening since his return from America in the part of Shylock. He was enthusiastically greeted by a very full house. Let his enemies say what they will, he is unquestionably a man of genius; and let his friends be as laudatory as they may, he is, no doubt, the most faulty actor of our time; that is, of those who pretend to any estimation with the public. The greatest proof of his genius is, that it bears him up against a mountain of defects, enough to sink a man of ordinary talent; while the evidence to the multitude of his faults is, that, with all his superior genius, he is yet not the first actor of the day. In fact, he is the actor of points, and not of character.

Thursday, January 11.—We know no character in the whole round of the British Drama which offers so severe, but at the same time so fair, a test of the powers of an actor, as *Othello*. A judicious delivery of elegant poetry, a tone of deep and refined sensibility, a power of forcible declamation, will not suffice for a representation of this character; it is passion, varied, vehement, excessive passion, which the actor is called upon to display. Kean's *Othello* is the most splendid of his performances; and in being that, is of course the most splendid performance of our day: but it wants the finishing hand of art. In his worst efforts there is nothing common-place; in his best, there is seldom perfection. As to the intent, or even the exact words of the author, those are things about which Kean seldom gives himself much trouble; if the character happens to jump with his own peculiar excellencies, well and good,—if not, the text must bend to him; he will not travel out of himself, though with every power of doing so if he thought proper.

His delivery of the speech to the Senate was exceedingly tame and ineffective. In the first scene of the third act he discriminated very finely the gradations of jealousy; but in the next scene, where *Othello* turns so fearfully on his tormentor, the passion burst forth in its fullest and broadest grandeur, sweeping all before it with resistless energy.

Mr. Wallack played *Iago*, but not very well. This gentleman should never quit melo-drama. Mr. Cooper was a gay and agreeable *Cassio*, though we have seen the part played more delightfully in our time. Mrs. West in *Desdemona* was judicious and correct, but very cold and tame. She wants feeling. Her emotion is of the head, not the heart.

COVENT GARDEN.

Tuesday, January 2.—A new opera, in three acts, entitled *The White Maid*, was produced this evening; it met with a cold reception. The music, by Boildieu, abounds more in artifice than simplicity; more in harmony than in melody; it has more concerted and orchestral pieces, than single and simple airs; and is, indeed, far more elaborate and spirited than the story deserves. That is, as absurd, meagre, and trashy as can well be imagined. However, there are some striking situations which the composer has very happily seized.—Madame Vestris performed the young, noble, and gallant Cavalier in a manner which demands the warmest encomium. There is such a finished neatness in her execution, such sensibility in her style, such feeling and elegance in her manner, as impart a charm to her performance more irresistibly fascinating than that of any singer now upon the stage.—Miss Cawse got through the music allotted to the *White Maid* in a very creditable manner: but until she masters the great secret of spirit and animation, no permanent eulogy will attach to her endeavours.

Tuesday, January 9.—First time of Mr. Morton's new comedy called *A School for Grown Children*. This comedy is not, perhaps, very original, nor very vigorous—but it is written with the skill of a dramatic tactician, and the taste of a gentleman. It was announced for repetition, amidst the applauses of a numerous audience, and is likely to have a long run, if we may judge from the popular feeling that accompanied every scene, and followed the dropping of the curtain. It was throughout most admirably acted. A finer and more gentlemanly performance than Kemble's *Sir Arthur Stanmore*, we never beheld. Mr. Jones was a lively, judicious, and successful representative of the thoughtless spendthrift; and Farren was as perfect as man can be. Mrs. Chatterly's Mrs. Revel was a very pleasing performance; and the part of Lady Stanmore was admirably sustained by Miss Chester. The other characters were respectably supported, and on the whole we must again remark, that we have seldom seen a play better acted than this was from beginning to end.

Monday, January 15.—King John. A Miss Hargrave, from the Exeter Theatre, made her first appearance before a London audience this evening in the part of Lady Constance. Her person is dignified, and her voice strong and clear, though she does not seem to know how to manage it, but breaks its tone in the attempt to be energetic. This, however, is a fault that may be remedied, unless the ear is radically deficient; and we see no reason to believe that it is so. The failure seems to arise rather from the want of power over the organs; a power that can only be acquired by time and practice, with a perfect consciousness of the defect. In second rate characters we think she might be very effective; but in Lady Constance she has evidently attempted to grapple with matter above her strength: she appears to have sense, taste, and discrimination; but then she wants the power to execute beyond a certain limit; nor are her features sufficiently marked for any strong expression. There was nothing positively bad in her performance—nothing for ridicule to scoff at; but it fell short of the mark: it was respectable, but then mere respectability will not do for Lady Constance. She is evidently familiar with the stage, has all its little tricks and stratagems by rote, but she has not yet learnt the art of concealing art; she is too manifestly acting. Her acting always seems a thing of premeditation; there is no heart about it. She is too artificial in her movement—too precise in her speech. In short, with occasional gleams of talent, it was nevertheless a stiff and dull performance. But Kemble, in *Falconbridge*, was neither stiff nor dull. It was a delightful performance. If he could bring the same genius to *Macbeth* and *Othello*, where should we find his equal? Young's conception of the part of John is excellent, but why will he try to execute it in a style diametrically opposite to his powers? Why will he imitate Kean's abrupt transitions, and Kean's passionate outpourings of the voice, when his own full swelling tones have not the requisite degree of flexibility? Kean is the last man in the world to be imitated: his defects are fatal—his excellencies not to be attained. Why too should Mr. Young borrow from any one? He has talent enough for all the duties of his high dramatic station, if he chooses to confide boldly in himself, instead of timidly leaning for support on others.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A political history of the events which led to the Burmese war, is about to be published; it is written by an officer of the name of White, and seems likely to prove a very interesting production.

M. Chateaubriand's Indian novel of "Les Natchez" is announced.

Mr. Buckingham, the Eastern traveller, has a volume in the press, containing his travels in Mesopotamia, a country of which very little is known.

Mr. Colburn is preparing for publication Memoirs of His late Royal Highness the Duke of York, from the pen of a distinguished writer.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Public attention during the past month has been entirely engrossed by the melancholy ceremonies attending the lying in state and funeral of the Duke of York. The details of these events have been given so minutely in all the newspapers, that we do not think ourselves justified in tiring our readers with a repetition of them. Every thing that could be done by the public to testify their respect for his memory, has been effected; but some dissatisfaction has been expressed with regard to those parts of the ceremonial which were under the direction of the public functionaries. Probably the fault may lie in the unauthorized anticipations which the public entertained. A programme of the intended ceremonial was published, and we believe strictly adhered to.

The war with Spain has been almost forgotten; but its claims to attention will no doubt revive; nothing appears yet to be certain respecting it. Ferdinand is said to have collected a considerable army on the Portuguese frontier; but he still speaks "peace" to our diplomatists. The French profess to have the same wish, but it is somewhat extraordinary that a conclusion has not been arrived at. The ultimatum of the English Cabinet is said to have been declared on the 10th of January.

The important question which has been some time before the Chancellor, as to the custody of the children of Mr. Long Wellesley, still remains undecided. The question has been again argued at very great length. The opinion of the public seems to be that they will not be restored to the custody of the father; for ourselves, (as the Chancellor says) we doubt.

On Sunday, Jan. the 14th, the Metropolis and its environs felt the effects of one of the most severe gales of wind which have occurred for some years. Upwards of 200 feet of the East wall of the New London Dock, now building at Shadwell, 30 feet high and four thick, was blown down. Had the wall been two feet higher, it would inevitably have fallen on the roofs of houses in the rear, and reduced them to a heap of ruins, in which their inmates would most probably have been buried; or, had it occurred upon a week day, there is scarcely a doubt but many lives would have been lost, as there is a large body of men constantly employed about that part of the wall which has given way. Fortunately, but little damage was done, independent of the wall, the expense of which is estimated at nearly 2000l.

BIRTHS.

Dec. 1826.---19, of a son, at his house in New Sidney-place, Bath, the lady of John Roden, Esq. 23, at Eaton Hall, near Chester, Lady Elizabeth Belgrave, of a daughter. 25, the lady of Wm. Hicks Beach, Esq. Oakley Hall, Hants, of a son and heir. 27, at Powis Place, Mrs. Edgar Taylor, of a daughter; 29, at Shrivenham, in the county of Berks, the lady of the Hon. W. R. Barrington, of a daughter; the lady of Thos. Barrett Lennard, Esq. M. P. of a son and heir.

Jan. 1827.---1, at Ascot Lodge, the lady of John Bishop, Esq. of a daughter; 2, in Old Bond Street, Mrs. Wm. Carpenter, of a daughter; at Critchill, Dorset, the Lady Charlotte Sturt, of a son; 3, at Holkham Hall, Norfolk, Lady Ann Coke, of a son; 7, of a daughter, the lady of Edward Wakefield, Esq. of Southcote House, near Reading; at Enville Hall, the Lady Grey, of a son and heir. 8, Mrs. Henry Perceval, of a son, at Washington Rectory. 9, at the house of the Hon. George Agar Ellis, M. P. Spring Gardens, the Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis, of a daughter; at her father's seat, the High Sheriff of Essex, the lady of T. J. Manning, Esq. of a son. 11, in Grosvenor Square, Lady Cawdor, of a son. 12, at the General Post-office, the lady of G. H. Freeling, Esq. of a son. 14, at Goodwood, her Grace the Duchess of Richmond, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 1826.---23, at the British Ambassador's Chapel, in Paris, Jas. Walsh, M. D. of Paris, to Josephine Knapp Bate, of Brighton, daughter of Captain Bate, late of the Royal

Artillery. 26, at Marylebone Church, by the Rev. W. J. Kerrich, John Kerrich, Esq. of Geldestone Hall, Norfolk, to Mary Eleanor, eldest daughter of John Fitzgerald, Esq. M. P. of Worsted Lodge, Suffolk.

Jan. 1827.---At Studley Priory, by special licence, Sir Charles Wetherel, his Majesty's Attorney General, to Jane Sarah Elizabeth, second daughter of Sir Alexander Croke. At St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Rev. John George Storie, Vicar of Camberwell, Major Arthur Hill Prevot, to Helen Wyse, daughter of the late Joseph Jekyll, Esq. of Spetisbury House, in the county of Dorset, and of Malborough Buildings, Bath. 2, at Wolverhampton, Henry Brown, Esq. of Brunswick Square, London, to Ann, youngest daughter of the late James Horden, of the Deanery, Wolverhampton. 3, at Southampton, Capt. G. Faria, Madras Cavalry, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Richard Buckland, of that place; Walter Wakeman, Esq. of Purshall Hall, in the county of Worcester, to Sibylla Philadelphia, eldest daughter of James Pasmore, Esq. of Bedford Row. 8, at King Swinford, George Wm. Wainwright, Esq. of Harley Place, to Mary, only child of the late John Holt, Esq. of Wordesly House, and Compton Hall, Staffordshire. 9, at Barking, Suffolk, the Rev. Edward Paske, Rector of Creeting, St. Peter, and Battisford, in the same county, to Helen Amelia, youngest daughter of the late Peter Gurley, Esq. of the Island of St. Vincent's, grand-daughter to the late Sir William Johnston, Bart. of Caskieben, N. B. and niece of the present Baronet; Bernard Brocas, Esq. of Wakefield House, Berkshire, and Beaucepair, Hampshire, to Sophia Anne, eldest daughter of D. Raymond Barker, Esq. of Bryanstone Square. 10, Henry, eldest son of Henry Robinson, Esq. of Hyde Park Place, to Maria, eldest daughter of Nicholas Kirvan, Esq. of York Place, Portman Square. 11, at Croydon, by the Rev. C. J. Lockwood, John William Sutherland, Esq. of Brixton Rise, Surrey, to Mary, second daughter of Thos. James, Esq. of the former place.

DEATHS.

Dec. 1826.---13, at Guernsey, the Rev. Peter Maingy, M. A. aged 35, Minister of St. James's Church in that island. 16, at Gibbs' Hotel, Edinburgh, Count G. H. de St. George of Changins, in Switzerland. 20, at Wimborne Minster, aged 82, the Rev. John Baskett, the senior Minister of the Collegiate Church there, in which he officiated above fifty years. 30, at Brighton, Anne Cecil, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. R. Carleton, aged two years and eight months.

Jan. 1827.---1, at Worlington House, Suffolk, Elizabeth Harrison, the wife of George Gataker, Esq.; at Putney House, Heneage Legge, Esq. in the 80th year of his age. 6, at Chelsea, Captain Robert Abraham, formerly of the 62nd regiment. This meritorious old officer was in the service of his country for many years, and in various parts of the globe; in 1777, he was one of Gen. Burgoyne's unfortunate army who surrendered at Saratoga, and upon that occasion underwent with his ill-fated comrades very severe and unmerited treatment. In private life no man was ever distinguished by greater kindness of heart, or more determined and unbending honesty: a case of hardship never met his ear that he did not relieve---he never entered into an engagement that he did not fulfill. Capt. Abraham died in the 84th year of his age;---at Mount Druid, Charles O'Connor, Esq. great grandson to Charles O'Connor, the historian. 7, at the Vicarage, Halifax, in the 67th year of his age, the Rev. Samuel Knight, M. A. Vicar of that parish, to which living he was presented by the Crown in the year 1818; in Kensington Square, aged 12, Frances, third daughter of the late Abraham Cumberbatch Sober, Esq. and of Ann, only daughter of the late Thos. Kemp, Esq. many years M. P. for Lewes; at Cumloden, Wigan, the Hon. Lieut. General Sir William Stewart, G. C. B. next brother of the Earl of Galloway, and aged 54, leaving one son and one daughter, both under age. 9, at her seat, Claydon House, Bucks. Mrs. Verney, relict of the late Rev. Robert Verney, in the 82nd year of her age. 11, in South Audley Street, in the 22nd year of her age, the Hon. Emma Cary, only daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Viscount Falkland. 11, at the house of Onley Saville Onley, Esq. at Pitsford, near Northampton, Charles Bouverie, Esq. second son of Edward Bouverie, Esq. of Delapre Abbey, near Northampton, in the 34th year of his age. 14, at Denton Park, near Otley, Lady Ibbetson. 15, at Bronti Place, Walworth, Mr. Gilbert Jerdan, second son of the late John Jerdan, Esq. of Kelso, and brother of the late Lieut. Colonel Jerdan, of Bombay, also of Wm. Jerdan, Esq. of Brompton; at her house, Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, Mrs. Maria Susanna Ormsby, aged 82 years; at the house of John Kettle, Esq. Overseal, Leicestershire, Mrs. Joann Lucena, aged 72, only sister of the late Chevalier John Charles Lucena, Consul General from the Court of Lisbon.